

Sports Illustrated



JULY 14, 1980 \$1.50

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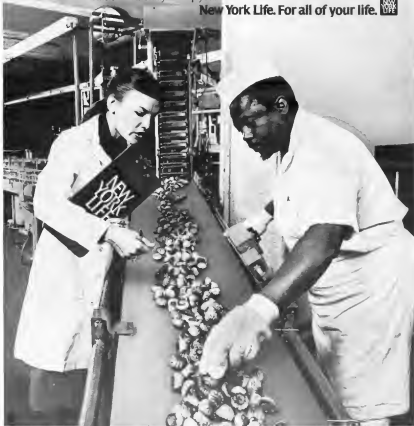
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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

William Oscar Johnson's story on running addiction (page 72) struck a responsive chord among many of our staffers. While addiction might be too harsh a term, quite a few of us have a keen urge to scratch various athletic itches, and get cranky when they go unscratched.

Each day at lunchtime much of the staff clears out to jog, to play tennis and racquetball or to work out in a cardio-fitness center. We have golfers, squash enthusiasts, basketball players and an office softball team. Assistant Managing Editor Ken Rudeen bicycles up to 150 miles a week. And our runners range from Executive Editor Jeremiah Tax, who rises at 6 a.m. most days for two miles of jogging, to Senior Editor Walter Bingham, a five-time marathon man, who logs 45 to 50 miles a week.

One of the most dedicated SI exercisers is Lauren Michaels, an assistant in our news bureau. Michaels has been battling oxygen debt only since last October, but her 10 miles a week have wrought some tangible gains and losses. In the latter category, 15 pounds, two inches off her waist and another off the hips; in the former, a digital runner's watch, several pairs of athletic

shoes, a training diary, a new diet and a daily regimen of calisthenics. But when Michaels injured her foot recently, she took to the sidelines. "That's how I know I'm not addicted," she says. "I hate pain more than I love running."

Our tennis freaks include a former champion, Reporter Bill Colson, who took the national 18-and-under clay-court title in 1968, and Photographer Walter Ioss Jr., who named his son Christian Bjorn. Both Colson and Ioss spent the last two weeks at Wimbledon—working, not playing. At home, Ioss keeps his backhand in shape during the winter by practicing in a lighted alley atop his apartment building, the wall is spotted with ball marks.

On his occasional trips afield, Managing Editor Gil Rogin, who swims at least a mile a day, checks to make certain his hotel has a large, preferably rectangular pool. "Making turns in a kidney-shaped pool is akin to putting on skis in a phone booth," says Rogin. Another person familiar with the therapeutic effects of water is Senior Editor Bob Brown, who frequently is up fishing at 5 a.m. on Long Island Sound. Brown's most unusual catch: a 40-foot segment of fire hose.

And then there is Writer-Reporter Jim Kaplan. Unfortunately, a Kaplan encounter with a given sport usually ends in injury long before an addiction develops. Kaplan has tried tennis, squash, jogging, racquetball and paddle tennis, and as a result has been treated for bursitis in his shoulder, tendinitis in his wrist and a pinched nerve in his neck, and has sprained or broken both of his ankles. He also has had acute chondromalacia (softening of the cartilage) in his right knee. "No sport is safe enough for me," he says. Recently Kaplan's shoulder began to ache. His doctor diagnosed it as "pinball shoulder." Kaplan had been jiggling a Times Square pinball machine a little too sternly. Sighs Kaplan, "I guess I do have an addiction—to keep trying."



MICHAELS NOW HAS A SIX MILE-A-DAY HABIT

Philip D. Hurd

Announcing



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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

CHEERS FOR A GRACEFUL EVOCATION OF THE CHARMS OF RACETRACK LIFE

Hill Burch was in his mid-90s when the hard times struck. His mother was dying of cancer, he and his wife were arguing, his money was running low, and his work—writing—wasn't going well. "The mix was weird and frightening and it came always at night, out of the deepest places." He wanted a way out. "I began once again to long for an escape into orderliness and decided, with the same hapless slings that governed all my actions then, to leave home and spend the rest of the spring at Golden Gate Fields, a thoroughbred track in Albany, near Oakland and San Francisco. There were other things I might have done, friends who would have taken care of me, but I was convinced that there was something special about racing and I wanted to get to the heart of the matter. The track seemed circumscribed and manageable, especially when compared to the complex filigree of nature, hydrogen intertwined with embryos and tumors. I thought if I could touch it I might come away renewed."

Thus begins *I Ampling in the Hells (Yakong, \$10.95)*. Burch's account of his season among the thoroughbreds is a lovely, valuable book, introspective without being self-servingly so, affectionate but never saccharine in its evocation of racetrack life, witty and perceptive throughout. Not merely that, but it is a first-rate piece of seepage: one of the best books about horses and people who follow them that I have had the pleasure of reading.

Golden Gate Fields, the track to which Burch repaired in search of renewal, has a checkered history. In the '40s and '50s, its racing strip was "so hard, dry and fast that even knob-kneed platers looked good." World records were set there and the legendary Nicks Sullivan made his debut there; now it is buried in its infield.

But in the '60s, California racing authorities permitted simultaneous meetings at the state. "Soon thereafter the Southern California tracks weathered their northern counterparts and drawing on a larger population began offering bigger purses and better facilities and soon cornered the market on prime thoroughbred flesh. The grail of stock performing in the north declined steadily, and Golden Gate devolved to its present state of repair, an elegantly situated slightly run-down plant featuring indifferent and often curious racing early in the week and more bettable affairs toward the weekend.

Just as some writers have found more of the essence of baseball in the minor leagues,

"I got the paint that beat the Weatherbeater."



Olympic Overcoat outweathers Sears Weatherbeater. That's what 94 out of 100 homeowners concluded when independent researchers asked them to compare weathered samples of both brands.

After examining white and red samples of each, most picked Overcoat as the one that looked better longer.

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Footloose

by JIM KAPLAN

RAISE HIGH THE FOOTBALL FIELD AND LET OTHER SPORTS FLOURISH BELOW

These are rough times for college athletic officials. It's not just the scandals and Title IX disputes. You see, everyone—men, women, students, faculty, good athletes, average athletes—wants to exercise. And they're demanding time, facilities, financing and staffing that aren't always available. The problem is most acute at urban, landlocked universities, which are hard put to provide the three S's: Spending, Space and Security.

Georgetown University in Washington, D.C. has come up with a unique solution, one that could be a model for the nation. What Georgetown did was rip up its football field—it's a Division III school in this sport—dig a deep hole, install a new recreation facility in it and rebuild the football field on the roof. The three S's fell neatly into place. By utilizing land it already owned, the school

solved its space problem. Because 85% of the building is underground, where soil temperature remains in the 60s year-round, the building's energy costs are one-third less than those of a comparable above-ground facility. And by computerizing admissions—users must show computer-programmed I.D. cards at the door—the school rid itself of security woes.

There is no sense of being underground at Yates Field House. Beige floors, white walls and glare-free lamps give the interior an open and airy appearance. About two-thirds of the building is a 96,000-square-foot room housing 12 multi-use (basketball, volleyball, tennis) courts, a four-lane jogging track and batting and golf cages. Elsewhere in the four-level structure are squash and handball/racquetball courts, locker rooms, a 25-meter pool with separate diving tank and an exercise-dance floor. On the roof, a nine-lane Chem-Turf track circles the AstroTurf football field. Because there was concern that the roof could not support grandstands, too, the school has experimented with bleachers placed on grassy areas nearby for those who wanted to watch football and other sports played on the field. The viewing wasn't great, but then the idea behind the building was to accommodate athletes, not fans.

As recently as 1975 the school wasn't doing very well by either group. Old McDonough Gym served as both the intercollegiate and intramural facility. The priorities were one-sided: intercollegiate sports all day, intramurals from 9:30 p.m. to 2 a.m. At the same time, women were pouring into the school—they now comprise about half the student body—and everyone was clamoring for exercise.

Conceding the need for a new intramural facility, the school hired as architects Daniel F. Tully Associates, Inc. The estimated \$7.2 million cost seemed within range, and in an unusual gesture, the students agreed to help with the \$600,000 annual mortgage. Eighty-one percent of them consented to pay an assessment of \$30 a semester.

Yates has been open almost a year now, and the results have pleased even the doubtful 19%. About 2,000 of the 10,000 eligible students, faculty and alumni use the building every day, but exercise is only half the story. Students and faculty agree that Yates is also the school's student union. "It's far more successful than anyone ever thought it would be," says the building's director, Dennis Kantach. "Some people thought this wasn't the right direction for the school to go. Now they wonder how they ever did without it." **END**



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At 32, he was an advisor to Presidents.
Now Samuel Pisar has written
"one of the significant memoirs of our time."*

"Pisar has written one of the most perceptive Auschwitz memoirs. But he has done more than simply record events. He has tried to make sense of the tattoo on his arm"—Neal Ascherson,
New York Review of Books

"I did not read *OF BLOOD AND HOPE* but devoured it... I cannot imagine any reader anywhere putting the book down unmoved"—Irwin Shaw

"A heart-gripping personal drama... No book has stirred me so deeply in many years"
—David Schoenbrun

"A man of rare insight"—Alexander Solzhenitsyn
(writing about Pisar in *The Oak and the Calf*)

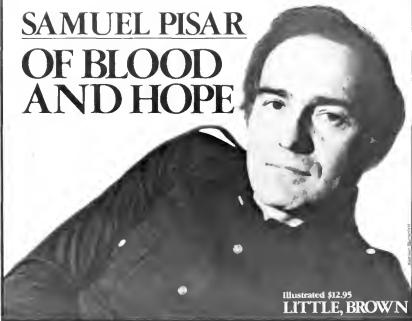
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SAMUEL PISAR OF BLOOD AND HOPE



Illustrated \$12.95

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It's the perfect living room phone. The dial and the disconnect button are in the handset. So you can relax on the couch and make as many calls as you want and never reach back to the base. Not to dial. Nor to hang up between calls.

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IT'S FOR YOU

SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

"PERSONAL OLYMPICS"

Boycott or not, the U.S.' top swimmers will still be taking part this summer in Olympic-level competition of sorts—by proxy. After the U.S. Olympic Committee voted to boycott the Moscow Games, swim officials canceled the Olympic Trials scheduled for last month in Austin, Texas and decided to choose an honorary Olympic team based on the results of the U.S. Outdoor Championships in Irvine, Calif. That meet then was moved up by two weeks, so that it now will begin July 29, two days after the final swimming event in Moscow. Swimmers in Irvine thus will have the winning Olympic times to shoot at and, if possible, to improve upon.

By way of motivating them to do exactly that, some U.S. coaches have been invoking the case of Jonty Skinner, a University of Alabama sprinter who had to sit out the 1976 Games because he was a native of South Africa, a country barred from Olympic competition. Skinner watched on TV as Jim Montgomery of the U.S. won the gold medal in the 100-meter freestyle in Montreal in a world-record 49.99, then eclipsed Montgomery's performance two weeks later at the AAU nationals in Philadelphia with a stunning 49.44, still the world record. Skinner pointedly called the Philadelphia meet "my personal Olympics."

But the Skinner precedent is an imperfect one. Now an assistant coach at Alabama, Skinner notes that while he had long since resigned himself to missing the Olympics—and had begun gearing himself to the Philadelphia meet more than a year in advance—the boycott came as a jolt to American athletes. "I knew I was never going to get the chance to compete in the Olympics, and a lot of my career was pointed to other goals," he says. "But with the boycott, the athletes' incentive, drive and sacrifice have been taken away from them, and it's very difficult to compensate for their dreams in another meet."

Still, Skinner allows that part of his

motivation in smashing Montgomery's record was "antagonism for the political situation" that had kept him out of the Olympics, a feeling that some American swimmers in Irvine will no doubt also harbor. To further rouse them to a competitive pitch, meet officials say that before each event, they will put on the scoreboard the winning time from the Moscow Olympics.

BAD DEAL FOR THE CARDS

St. Louis players occupied positions 1, 3, 7, 9 and 10 in the National League batting race, but when balloting for the All-Star Game ended, none of the hot-hitting Cardinals was in the starting lineup. The slighted Cards were First Baseman Keith Hernandez (.335), Shortstop Gary Templeton (.322), Rightfielder George Hendrick (.311), Catcher Ted Simmons (.305) and Third Baseman Ken Reitz (.300), all of whom also happen to be solid defensively. Templeton, Hernandez and Simmons placed third at their positions and Reitz sixth, while Hendrick was only 11th among outfielders.

The Cardinals' Forgotten Five suffered from the fact that they were long on performance but short on national publicity. One Cardinal in exactly the opposite situation was teammate Bobby Bonds, who was hitting .192 with four home runs yet placed an undeservingly high 12th among outfielders. "It's a joke, just a popularity contest," admitted Bonds, who leads the league only in honesty. "I'm right behind Hendrick. I don't even belong on the ballot."

ENDANGERED PANOPLEIO PACHYDERMS

Imagine the circus without elephants and chimpanzees. According to officials of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey, it just might happen. The worldwide population of Asian elephants, the species favored by The Greatest Show on Earth, has dwindled to 10,000, and because they are on the U.S. Interior Department's endangered-species list, there are strict limits on their importation

What's more, the chimpanzees imported for the circus are a "threatened" species and are similarly controlled. And under the Animal Welfare Act of 1976, special care is required for marine animals, a category construed to include polar bears. Ringling Brothers has secured a stay of that law until 1982, at which time it will be obliged to find or build a pool for polar bears in each city it visits.

In a story enumerating these and other problems affecting the circus, the *Los Angeles Times'* Jim Mann said that even the Agriculture Department officials who enforce the marine-animal regulations acknowledge their unfairness; after all, even in their natural habitat, polar bears spend much of their time on land. The protection of elephants and chimps is another matter. Allowing that the government restrictions make it difficult for circuses to import animals, one Interior Department aide told Mann, "They were supposed to... You're dealing with a resource that's having trouble surviving."

To prevent the disappearance of animals from the circus, Ringling Brothers has started an elephant-breeding program in Florida. It is also urging Wash-



ington to ease import restrictions on the grounds that circuses animals serve an educational purpose. Thus, the Ringling Brothers program contains the following note: "The circus plays a unique role in the education of millions of Americans regarding the need to preserve and protect the world's vanishing animals."

NO TIME FOR REMORE

For the University of Oregon, it was a rough several days. First, the *Eugene Register-Guard* reported that the school, one of the institutions hardest hit by the burgeoning college athletic scandal, had

Continued



SONY INTRODUCES A CASSETTE DECK FOR PEOPLE WHO WOULD ONLY CONSIDER REEL-TO-REEL.

Until now the superiority of reel-to-reel tape decks to cassette decks has gone unquestioned.

But Sony, renowned for its unique ability to perfect each link in the recording chain—microphones, motors, tape heads, even the tape itself—has just created the TC-K81. A cassette deck so advanced it delivers the kind of crisp, clear, unwavering sound reproduction you would only expect from reel-to-reel.

HEADS WITHOUT HEADACHES.

Just as in the best open reels, at the heart of the Sony TC-K81 cassette deck are three separate heads. One to erase, one to record and one to play back. This arrangement offers instantaneous "off-the-tape monitoring." Which means you can compare the quality of the recorded music to the quality of the original—while you're recording.

In addition, each head can be optimized for its own specific function.

Of course, fitting three heads into the tiny cassette shell openings, accurately, for years on end, is no small feat. Especially since the slightest alignment error can cause significant high-frequency loss. So to make sure you hear all the sound you're supposed to, Sony has created a major breakthrough in head design with a unique independent suspension system.

This remarkable system allows incredible precision and consistency in head alignment. And just as important, there's no longer the need for you to realign the heads from one tape to the next as in other cassette decks. Equally innovative is that only Sony uses heads that are a combination of Sendust and Ferrite. So you get the advantages of both, without the disadvantages of either.

TWO FUNCTIONS, TWO MOTORS.

Because tape-speed irregularities can affect your music, the K81 has two separate motors. One takes care of fast forward and rewind, while the other, combined with what we call "Closed-Loop Dual-Capstan Drive," moves the tape with absolute uniformity past the heads. There's no pulling, pushing or tugging.

This division of labor reduces the number of mechanical parts needed in the drive mechanism and virtually eliminates wow and flutter.

THE LAST WORD IN FINE TUNING.

All tape is not created equal. So the K81 features front-panel bias calibration controls. These allow the K81 to be hand-tailored in order to get the ideal high-frequency response out of each individual tape.

And to insure your recordings are made on a background of silence, free of annoying tape hiss, the K81 incorporates the Dolby® Noise Reduction

System. But Sony goes one better with a foolproof record calibration device that insures the Dolby System will always work at its peak effectiveness.

Obviously we could fill pages on the technological advancements in the K81. Like the two 16-segment, LED Peak Program Meters. Or the special "Auto-Space Record Mute" which allows you to blank out commercials and other interruptions.

But you don't have to understand all the circuitry to know what makes the K81 superior.

When it comes to high fidelity there's only one thing you have to know: And that's Sony.

SONY
High Fidelity

FEATURES AND SPECIFICATIONS: Independent suspension three-head design with variable tape-source monitoring; Metal tape recording and playback; Sendust and Ferrite record and play heads; Two-meter closed loop dual-capstan tape drive; Microprocessor automatic tape transport with loader-touch controls; Bias and record level calibration with built-in test tones; 16-segment LED Peak Program Meters; Auto-space record monitoring; Auto-play repeat capability; Optional remote control; News and Theater (NR/MS-02); Frequency response (metal) 20 Hz-18 kHz ± 3 dB; Signal-to-noise ratio (metal) 60 dB; DOLBY B, C, and NR.

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declared ineligible seven football players including starting Quarterback Reggie Oghurn and his backup, Andrew Page, for receiving "extra benefits"—namely, airline tickets—through a secret account at a local travel agency that dealt with the athletic department. Although the university confirmed the disciplinary action, its housecleaning turned out to be less than wholehearted. The school's faculty athletic representative, Wendell Bayse, said he expected the NCAA to reinstate the players because they had made at least "partial recompense" for the tickets. Obviously hoping for the same thing, Associate Athletic Director Ed Swartz expressed "a little bit of shock" that news of the ineligibility had come out before the NCAA had a chance to review the case. Significantly, neither Bayse nor Swartz said whether the "recompense" had come before or after the revelation that the secret account existed.

The gingerly handling of the situation suggested to some observers that university officials had hoped to hush up the ineligibility of the seven players so as not to hurt the sale of season tickets, which had begun just a few days earlier. And after the news broke, the Oregon coach, Rich Brooks, did his best to prevent an erosion of ticket sales. Betraying little visible remorse over the apparent rules violations by the seven players, Brooks seized the occasion instead to accuse newspapers covering Oregon's scandal of having somehow "slandered" his team. Of an ongoing Lane County grand jury probe into possible athletic department wrongdoing, Brooks said, "It's a matter of how far some people will go to prove a point. Some people just don't want to let it die."

Brooks was right. Early this week Oregon's athletic woes were compounded when three more of Brooks' players, Tailback Eugene Young, Fullback Terrance Jones and Defensive Back Joe Figures, were arraigned in Lane County Circuit Court on theft charges contained in secret indictments returned by the grand jury on June 5. The charges involved the alleged misuse of a telephone credit card belonging to an assistant basketball coach.

LIGHTING UP THE SKIES

The Indians drew 73,094 fans for a pre-Independence Day game against the Yankees in Cleveland Stadium Thursday night, baseball's biggest crowd in seven

years. The night before, 58,980 fans, the largest turnout ever in the minor leagues, jammed Denver's Mile High Stadium to watch an American Association showdown between the hometown Bears and the Omaha Royals. Both throngs were swollen by the lure of postgame fireworks, but the baseball was by no means incidental. Indian fans had a lot to holler about as Wayne Garland shut out the Yankees 7-0, while Denver entertained its fans by overcoming a 1-0 deficit to win 2-1, the decisive run scoring on a bases-empty, inside-the-park home run in the seventh inning by Tim Raines. That was scarcely any more exciting, though, than the baseball-cum-fireworks spectacle staged in Denver on the Fourth of July a year ago. On that occasion, the Bears were losing 14-7 going into the last of the ninth but scored nine runs, the last three on a two-out homer, to win 16-14 before 38,490 delirious fans. Which is the sort of drama that will help keep baseball booming—with or without the added bang of fireworks.

VROOMING BACK TO NORMAL

Oct. 30, 1978: Leading car owners, including Roger Penske, Dan Gurney and Pat Patrick, break away from the all-powerful USAC (United States Auto Club) to form the insurgent CART (Championship Auto Racing Teams) in a dispute over, among other things, engine rules and purses.

March 11, 1979: CART launches its own series of races, to be followed two weeks later by the start of USAC's series. The rival organizations reunite only for the Indianapolis 500, which USAC has run since 1956, and then only after CART gains admission to the event by suing in federal court.

April 3, 1980: CART and USAC bury the hatchet and form CRL (Championship Racing League), which is to be run by a six-member board of governors, five of them car owners. All sides wear straight faces as they hail an end to acrimony and the attendant dilution of sponsorship money and TV coverage.

June 20, 1980: Life has been simply too quiet these past two months. Indy President John Cooper, saying that CRL is too dominated by car owners, demands that the Indy 500 be run by an "independent" sanctioning body, a description that no longer fits USAC.

June 30, 1980: USAC reacts to Cooper's edict by withdrawing from CRL,

thereby reasserting its independence.

July 1, 1980: CART President Jim Melvin announces his organization will reinstate its own series of races starting with a 200-mile event in Jackson, Mich. On July 20, a decision that leaves USAC's schedule up in the air beyond a 150-mile race July 13 in Lexington, Ohio. Melvin describes the resumed warfare—alas, all too accurately—as "business as usual."

NOW THEY'RE AMERICA'S AERIALISTS

Remember America's Team, the unfortunate tag pinned last season on the Dallas Cowboys? The nickname originated, innocently enough, as the title of the team's preseason highlight film. At first the Dallas front office was delighted by the appellation, but that was before the media and Cowboy opponents began ridiculing it. Soon some Dallas players were wishing aloud that America would go find itself another team. Which, of course, is more or less what happened when the 1980 U.S. Olympic hockey team came along.

It's apparent that all 28 NFL teams have learned from Dallas' experience. The NFL's new highlight films have just been released, and their titles reflect adoration (Houston's *Luv You Blue*), patience (San Francisco's *A Matter of Time*), pride (Tampa Bay's *From Worst to First*) and a whole lot of hope (Baltimore's *On the Way Up*, Minnesota's *Make Way for Tomorrow*, New England's *A New Era*). But there's nothing resembling another America's Team. Steve Sabol, executive vice-president of NFL Films, which produces the annual highlight films, told *The Washington Star*'s Steve Guback that he wanted to call Pittsburgh's film *Team of the Decade*, only to be quickly overruled by Steeler brass, who, mindful of the Cowboy precedent, settled on the slightly less presumptuous title, *A Cut Above*.

The Cowboys? Oh yes, their 1980 film is entitled *Team on a Tightrope*.

THEY SAID IT

• Tommy Lasorda, Dodger manager, lauding Jerry Reuss for pitching a no-hitter against the Giants: "It couldn't have happened to a greater guy. Well, yes it could. It could have happened to me."

• Art Donovan, former 310-pound Baltimore Colt defensive lineman, describing himself as a light eater: "As soon as it's light, I start to eat."

END

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JULY 14, 1980

A MATCH GOES





DOWN IN HISTORY

It was Bjorn Borg's fifth consecutive Wimbledon title, but the five-set final will be remembered as much for its heroic loser, John McEnroe, who won the fans' plaudits

by FRANK DEFORD



CONTINUED

There were two entirely different tournaments at Wimbledon this year. The first extended for all but the last singles match of the fortnight and consisted of a series of bogs, separated by drizzle and joined by bad bounces. In this first tournament, the men's play was especially predictable, and what grace and tension there were came almost entirely from the ladies.

The other Wimbledon took three hours and 53 minutes last Saturday and grew into one of the most extraordinary contests in the annals of sport—or any endeavor in which two men test their wills against one another. For Bjorn Borg to win his 35th-straight match at Wimbledon and his fifth-straight title and to reach a place above all men who have ever played tennis, he had to beat John McEnroe, and he did that by the astounding score of 1-6, 7-5, 6-3, 6-7 (16-18 in the tie-breaker), 8-6.

Though he is barely 24, no one has ever approached Borg's mark in the champi-

onships. Had he won in four sets—as he nearly did—Borg would be remembered as the juggernaut of the ages, the unbeatable. But by winning the match as he did, he enhanced his reputation, because the character of his performance surpassed the achievement itself. Borg lost seven championship points in the fourth set and finally the set itself. More than that, he lost another seven break points in the deciding set. Fourteen times the greatest, coolest player ever to tread the courts failed, and failed when it counted most. The last man to lose the Wimbledon final after having a match point in his favor was John Bromwich of Australia in 1948, and those who played against Bromwich thereafter say he was never again the same player. One point did him in. And this man Borg blew many such chances. And still he triumphed.

As he took his position for the fifth set, he thought, "This is terrible. I'm going to lose." Borg admits he thought that. And he thought, "If you lose a match like this, the Wimbledon final, after all those chances, you will not forget it for a long, long time. That could be very, very hard."

It was his serve to start the last set. He lost the first two points. "But then," Borg recalls, "I say to myself, 'I have to forget. I have to keep trying, try to win.' " He served the next point and won. And again and again. He closed out the game at 30.

After those first two losing points, he was to serve 29 more times in the match, and he was to win 28 points, the only loser coming at 40-love in Game 9. He was inhuman again, "playing on another planet," as the Nastase has said of him. But he had been human, so very mortal, and that is important. We already knew the great Borg could beat any opponent. We knew that. In fact, how much does it really matter, five Wimbledon or four? But this afternoon we found that Borg could not possibly be beaten by himself, either. That is why this victory matters so.

"He's won Wimbledon four straight times, he's just lost an 18-16 tie-breaker," a reverent McEnroe mused afterward. "You'd think maybe just once

he'd let up and just say forget it. No. What he does out there, the way he is, the way he thinks..." McEnroe shook his head. "I know I couldn't do it."

Ah, yes, McEnroe. Let us pause now for him. All those championship points were not merely lost by Borg. They were won, too, every one of them, by as gallant a loser—and sportsman, too, this particular day—as ever came to Wimbledon. McEnroe swaggered onto the court to boos and slumped off it to cheers, and with that metamorphosis he can never be the same.

McEnroe did not only lose, either. Borg had to defeat him. Thus, McEnroe made Borg greater, elevated him for posterity. Louis needed his Schmeling more than the bums-of-the-month, as Ali did his Frazier, Tilden his Johnston. What McEnroe did for Borg with this one match was to lift him above the record books and enroll him among the legendary.

Such was the climax of this match that already the mind plays tracks, refuses to believe how ordinary it really was until it exploded in the ninth game of the fourth set. Indeed, everything leading up to this greatest of 94 finals was mundane. Borg had run through the field at his leisure, losing but two sets. For his part, McEnroe struggled, nearly falling to one Terry Rocaveri, ranked 112th in the world, in the second round. But by the time he met Jimmy Connors, in what was then presumed to be the Runner-Up Bowl, there were flashes of top form. However, they were obscured by McEnroe's inconsistency and by a breakout of his on-court irascibility, which he had subdued till now. Put off by an insignificant line call, McEnroe bellowed 14 times at the umpire that he wanted to see the tournament referee, a display that drew the first public warning ever issued on Centre Court, and jammed the BBC switchboard with anti-American diatribes. It was an unpleasant and interminable match of four sets, dragged out because both these left-handers take forever to serve, Connors with all his ball-bouncing and string-guzzing, McEnroe with his bizarre service posture in which he stands sideways to the baseline, rocking back and forth like a broken toy, finally unwinding—who knows when?—as if someone, somewhere has at last pushed a remote-control button. Seeing this Connors vs. McEnroe match was like watching grass die.

In trouble, McEnroe reached back for his high hard one.



Indeed, at the start of the final, when Borg shuffled about in a daze, it appeared more than anything that McEnroe had command of the pace of the play, and as long as he could keep that he could rule the match. Usually Borg steps about briskly between points, rump out, his thin legs with the great-muscled thighs driving like pistons, but now the champion sagged and clomped around, drifting to McEnroe's slow meter. Borg lost his first service game and his third, too, and the set was all the challenger's, 6-1.

But there was more to it. True enough, Borg has developed a superb serve for fast courts, and he had been serving-and-volleying his way to victory more than ever this year. But however well directed his first volleys may be, they are not his with authority. Especially with the forehand, where he is used to coming over the ball, topspin, not punching it, as one must a volley. While lesser, slower players might not have negotiated his short volleys, the speedy McEnroe could not only reach them but also cash them in.

McEnroe was a tiger on serve. He made no great percentage of first serves—little more than half—but his second serve is probably the most effective in the sport, and Borg fared no better with it. In McEnroe's first nine service games, through five-all in the second set, Borg made only 13 points and led exactly once, that at a perfunctory love-15. But off Borg, McEnroe had no fewer than four break points in two games of the second set—only he could not quite crack his opponent.

Then, in a flash, the match turned upside down. At 6-5 Borg, McEnroe lapsed to 15-30, and with that, Borg knocked off two backhand returns for the set. Immediately the juice came back to Borg's stride, the rhythm was his, and before McEnroe could catch his breath, the champion had broken him again in the second game of the next set. That was enough: 6-3, two sets to one. And when, half an hour later, Borg finally broke again with an amazing backhand crosscourt off a perfect wide slicing chalk serve to go up 5-4 in the fourth, McEnroe's valiant quest seemed lost. Borg had only to serve out for the championship; promptly he rolled ahead to 40-15: two match points. But then we found at last that he too was weaned on mother's milk. Mc-

Enroe saved. McEnroe broke.

The tie-breaker that followed at six-all was as excruciating a battle as ever was staged in athletics. It lasted 22 minutes, as long as many sets. Borg had five championship points, McEnroe seven set points, and time and again the man staring down the barrel of the gun fired back a winner. There was no pussy-footing. At one stretch they made eight straight first serves between them. The pressure! They won serving, passing, volleying, off both sides, down the line, crosscourt. Neither would yield, neither would even swallow hard. The crowd would cry out and then absolutely hush, the alternating unnatural silences that tennis demands taking much more out of the place than unrestrained yelling ever could have. Finally, unaccountably, after serving the 34th point, Borg rushed in and tried to nip a drop volley off a hard McEnroe forehand return—"dumb shot," said McEnroe afterward—but the ball was hit topspin and it fell hard on the racket, tumbling off it like a cracked egg.

The moment was McEnroe's, and at 0-30 on Borg's serve in the first game of the final set he seemed to have grasped the whole day. But it was then, from whatever depths, that Borg summoned up those new resources of spirit, and ever after he was in command, even as the suspense built again. Borg had the advantage of always serving first. Each time McEnroe took the balls, he had to hold. It is possible, too, that the challenger may have been slightly more tired. Because of the rain delays, Borg had a day off before the final, while McEnroe not only played Connors those four sets on Friday but also went through the motions of 26 doubles games in which he and Peter Fleming lost in the semis to the eventual winners, Peter McNamara and Paul McNamee of Australia. Besides, the champion is so uncommonly strong. One can see Borg now in his last service game, reacting, running, stretching and nimbly bending low to reach a perfect winning forehand volley—precisely the kind of shot that tired men miss.

And then in the next, the final game,



As is his habit, Borg made the impossible shots look easy

at 6-7, McEnroe could not get down for a return chipped to his feet. Nor could he reach quite far enough for a crosscourt forehand. Then, on his eighth championship point, Borg hit a solid backhand crosscourt off a good forehand volley. It whistled home clean. It was finished. The champion fell to his knees in exultation.

Only then did he show any signs of fatigue. If not in his step, it began to show in his face, in his eyes. He looked drained, frightened in some way, so different from all those about him who clamored with joy at what they had just seen of him and of tennis. But Bjorn Borg was the only one who could have seen clearly within himself, and, my God, it must have scared even him to discover how much was really there.

If the women's tennis was to rule so much of this Wimbledon, it seems only right that the champion should be Evonne Goolagong, the most stylish player of either sex. That she beat her greatest rival, Chris Evert Lloyd, in the final made it all the more symbolic, and that she beat

continued

1 5 30



Injury-free after two years, Goolagong was again floating to the ball with a grace that others lack.

WIMBLEDON continued

her in a final interrupted by rain was, for this aquacade of a tournament, as appropriate as it was cruel.

But though this final—6-1, 7-6—will be lost in memory, having been overshadowed by the men's, it was glorious by any other measure, and because Borg wins Wimbledon every year, 1980 can be ascribed to Goolagong. True, when yet a teen-ager in 1971, Evonne won another Wimbledon, but that was long ago, a lark, a bagatelle.

"I just happened to win," she recalls vaguely. "I didn't think much of it at the time." And thereafter she lost seven finals at Wimbledon or the U.S. Open, so that for all of her fluid majesty of stroke and foot, this dusky, haunting beauty from the Outback of Australia has never been accepted as a player so much as a portrait.

The years passed by. Miss Goolagong became Mrs. Cawley, wife to a handsome and engaging Englishman named Roger Cawley. They had a baby girl, Kelly, and a nanny to travel with. But there were also many harsh injuries, and

sometimes, as ever, woolgathering on the court. Evonne would think of starting a boutique in Hilton Head, S.C., where the family had settled. The Cawleys have a gorgeous house. They would sit in their hot tub with the one-way glass and watch the sea and the world roll by, while Billie Jean retired and returned, while Chris married and sabotaged, while Tracy and Pam and Andrea grew out of childhood.

Goolagong is almost 29 now, and this year especially has been made depressing by a succession of trying injuries and illnesses. Wimbledon was her first tournament victory of 1980. Before she came back to action in June, she literally had not hit a ball for seven weeks. Obviously, now, this can be diagnosed as a blessing in disguise. "I get stale if I play too much," she says. Sometimes too much has merely been a third set. "She's such a moody player," Evert Lloyd says. But now, for once, she was keen and hungry. Goolagong not only handed Evert Lloyd her first defeat in 26 matches since she returned from her exile, but in the semifinals she came from behind to edge Tracy Austin, who had won 35 of her last 36. In the third round Goolagong was down a set; in the fourth a set and a break. Few champions were ever so tested, and, of course, none was ever so lovely either. "I don't think Tracy can understand," said Austin's coach, Bob Lansdorp, after her defeat. "Evonne flows. It's misleading. She doesn't run like the rest of us. She flows."

It is also true that Goolagong's laissez-faire nature made her more attuned to accepting the exasperations of this Wimbledon, which was halted or disrupted almost every day by a disgruntled Mother Nature. By contrast, for best example, Martina Navratilova, the first seed, never found her rhythm under these circumstances, and, unsettled personally, nettled by a prying British press, she struggled at every turn. She was able only to bull her way through to the semifinals, where Evert Lloyd dispatched her in three sets.

Doomsaying old-timers proudly confirmed that it was fast becoming the most hideous Wimbledon ever ventured, and the weather bureau testified officially that this was the wettest June in Britain in 101 years. That bit of boasting done, the new month opened with what may well have been the coldest July day ever recorded

in London. In the drafty hollow of Centre Court, the thermometer was well down in the 40s. The wind whistled about the eaves of the old doughnut enclosure, howling against the mean slate skies.

The on-again, off-again stop-and-go proceedings took the heart out of the tournament. Even the tabloids were knocked off stride and unable to fabricate their usual fever pitch of controversy. But the women, so often accused of sameness and predictability, coped better. They played the more interesting matches and offered up the more beguiling characters. Andrea Jaeger, the 15-year-old from Illinois, youngest seed ever (No. 14), was a natural curiosity, the focus magnifying tenfold when she met and conquered (6-2, 7-6) Virginia Wade, the '77 champion, Britain's last representative in singles play. It was no fun for Our Ginny, who had participated in three Wimbledon before Andrea had even entered this vale of tears. But the little teenager, her long blonde tresses flying, was a wonder on the court, unafraid and resilient, and no less attractive off it, even after Evert Lloyd undressed her with drop shots in the quarterfinals, one and one.

For everyone—most of all Chrissie—there was some spooky feeling of going through the looking glass. Evert Lloyd was herself the first in this line of prepackaged American adolescent marvels, and moreover, in 1977, she had defeated her successor, Austin, by an identical score with identical tactics when first they met.

All of 25 now, Evert Lloyd walked down memory lane. Tracy hit harder at Andrea's age, she recollected, but Andrea has a more complete game. "She's so funny, such a nice little kid," Evert Lloyd said. "And they're very different people. You always knew that Tracy was determined to be the best. Andrea's more interested in other things. I was more like Tracy."

In the meantime, Austin has succeeded her in the British consciousness as surely as in style. Her tennis outfits do not help her. While she is still only 17, no grown woman, Tracy is a high school senior, and from the accounts of all those close to her, she has become considerably more adult in the past few years. For example, it is Tracy Austin alone who determines Tracy Austin's tournament schedule.

After her match one day, she appeared, her blonde hair cascading down, attired in a shocking pink blouse and tight designer jeans tucked into white cowboy boots. Yet on the tennis court she still persists in wearing kiddy pig-tails and formless frocks, as if she were trying out to be the Morton Salt girl. As hard as she hits, as old as she plays, the crowds find her incongruous, something of a put-on.

Of course, against Goolagong, ever precious, no one else wins the fans' affection—and especially when she is playing as gloriously as she began against Austin in their semifinal. Rallying from the baseline, running down everything, she swept Austin before her in a magnificent 6-3 set.

But Austin made her pay dearly for her efforts: a love second set. And when she won a seventh-straight game and had an ad on Goolagong for a 2-0 lead in the third, it was obvious that she had belied the cat. But Goolagong not only fought back for a 1-1 tie, but she also broke for 2-1 despite trailing 40-0. The one thing Austin lacks is a forcing serve: she must play every service point, and here she played too boldly. That was unwise, for the book on Goolagong is to give her the rope. But now Goolagong saw the crack and changed her tactics utterly, rushing the net. "I didn't have as much touch from the baseline, and, besides, I had to come up because I was too tired to play back there," she explained. Saving a break point at the end with a surprise spin serve down the middle, she held on for the set, 6-4.

The final on Friday began under lowering skies. In the competitors' stand, the two prince consorts, Roger Cawley and John Lloyd, shook hands and then watched the start of a rout. Chris was not to hold serve in the set. Evonne was picture perfect, gliding about, her gorgeous underslice backhand taking the corners, while her forehand, so often her *bête noire*, held firm.

But: distant thunder, and then rain, after Goolagong had held in the opening game of the second set. Play stopped. When the two finalists returned, showered and changed, an hour later, Goolagong was still on her game and ran to 3-0, but here Evert Lloyd joined her on the high road, and they played out to a glorious standard the rest of the way, the crowd enthralled.

Evert Lloyd, at the net volleying, then back lobbing, broke for 6-5 and was serving for the set, but at 15-0 Goolagong turned things around, volleying her way into the tie-break, during which two points would tell the tale.

First, at three-all, on serve, the two fell into a baseline rally. Evert Lloyd was born and bred in this briar patch, but on the 30th shot Goolagong sliced a long, classic backhand into the corner, and, unaccountably, Evert Lloyd hit a forehand wide. It was not the dreamer whose mind had wandered.

Then, on Goolagong's second serve at 5-3, Evert Lloyd returned with a drop shot. Oh, what sweet courage that took! All day, too, all tournament, she had kissed these risky shots over the net, but this time the ball hit the tape, held, and teetered back. Goolagong had triple match point and, presently, her second Wimbledon, her first in nine years, her first as a grownup.

It was the first time in history that a singles championship at Wimbledon had been decided by tie-break. It was the first time in 66 years a mother had won. In another 10 minutes it was raining again, but Evonne was safe now, wet only with her tears and the moist black curls that pressed against her forehead and framed her face as laurel.

END

Even in rain, Chris had duty Wimbledon status.



WARMING UP AT WORLD-RECORD PACE

Steve Ovett and Sebastian Coe have come to the point where they can afford to play fast and loose with world records. On the first of July in Oslo's Bislett Stadium, Coe ran 1,000 meters in 2:13.4 to surpass Rick Wohlhuter's 6-year-old record by half a second, and then stood by as Ovett relieved him of the mile standard he had set a year ago on the same track. Ovett's time of 3:48.8 was two-tenths of a second better than the old mark. Thus, the two Britons now hold all four records between 800 meters and the mile, as well as the two-mile world outdoor best.

With wordy restraint, these sharply distinct men from disparate areas of England—Coe from industrial Sheffield

Sebastian Coe added the 1,000 to his list of records, but just minutes later Steve Ovett snatched away Coe's mile mark

by KENNY MOORE and JOHN RODDA

in the Pennines, Ovett from the resort of Brighton on the English Channel—have raced each other only once in their lives: in the 1978 European Championships 800, where both were beaten by Olaf Beyer of East Germany. Because they plan to meet three weeks hence in the Moscow Olympics 1,500 meters, their evening of racing and watching in Oslo, for all its excellence, had about it a preparatory air, a sense of prelude to a historic confrontation.

Coe was up first, having planned since January to make this his one all-out test before Moscow. But about a week earlier he had come down with a chest cold severe enough to require antibiotics. He had canceled plans to enter two minor races, in Sweden and southern Norway. With rest he had improved, and over lunch on race day, shortly after learning that the 1,000-meter field wouldn't include Kenya's James Maina, who ranked behind only Coe in the 800 last year and would have constituted a real threat, Coe and his coach-father, Peter, decided he should attempt a record pace. Coe then had two hours' sleep in the afternoon while it rained. But, as seems ordained for special evenings in Oslo, the clouds passed, and by the time a record crowd of 22,518 had wedged into Bislett, the flags surmounting the stadium hung motionless in the still, warm air.

There were 11 men in the 1,000, and Coe's intent was to run a fast 800 and then hang on for the long, last 200 meters. He went wide around the first bend of Bislett's six-lane, 400-meter oval, slipping into third behind Mike Solomon of Trinidad and Paul Forbes of Scotland. The three took fewer than 25 seconds to cover the first 200, and the 400 was 50.1 for Forbes, 51 flat for Coe. With a lap to go, the two pacemakers stepped off the track and Coe was alone, 25 meters ahead

of the field. The crowd at Bislett claps in unison at a tempo just faster than the lead runner's footfalls. Thus escorted, Coe ran past 800 meters. "I heard the time called as 1:44," he said later, "and I thought, 'That's the fastest 800 this year' [Don Paige won the U.S. Olympic Trials in 1:44.53], so I eased off."

In fact, the 800 had passed in 1:45.2, but Coe's relaxed final 200 wasn't much slower than its predecessors, and he got his fourth world record, the others being at 800 (1:42.4) and 1,500 meters (3:32.1) and the mile. It had been his first race ever at 1,600 meters.

Fifty minutes later Coe watched as the miles impatiently trotted about, their start delayed by the failure of the automatic timekeeping equipment. Finally, the field was sent on its way timed only by hand. David Warren of England led, with Ovett second, followed by Steve Cram and Graham Williamson, the latter pair racing for the single 1,500-meter spot remaining on the British Olympic team, a place Cram would win.

Warren, a fine half-miler, had grumbled about serving as a rabbit, but under a threat that other races might become scarce if he didn't lend a hand, he cooperated with a vengeance, his head bobbing as he hit 400 meters in 55.5 and 800 in 1:52.8. At that point, Ovett was timed in 1:53.5, which was one second faster than Coe had run on his way to his 3:49.0.

Warren lasted a half lap beyond the 800-meter mark and dropped out, leaving Ovett to cover the final 600 alone. The tall, lithe Ovett appeared to be in perfect control. "It was well set up," said the absorbed Coe. "You could see the record was going by halfway. I had almost a minute and a half to come to terms with it."

Ovett reached three-quarters of a mile in 2:51.0, more than two seconds faster than Coe had run, and it seemed that the mile record was in for an astounding revision. If Ovett could finish as fast as Coe had, with a 55.6, he would run the mile in 3:46.6. For 200 meters he carried on powerfully, but into the last curve his reckless early speed finally told. He



Coe's 2:13.4 took 5 off Rick Wohlhuter's mark.



Oveti showed he was fit for a matchup in Moscow by nipping 2 off his countryman's 3:49.0 record

passed 1,500 meters in 3:32.7, now only a tenth ahead of Coe's pace. In the stretch he labored heavily to finish in 3:48.8, a time just enough better than the record to make things interesting because, being a hand time, it was subject to some debate. Hand times are generally a tenth or two faster than automatic ones simply because human-reaction time in starting a watch is a tenth or two slower than the electrical impulse from the starter's gun that activates an automatic timer. In recognition of this, International Amateur Athletic Federation rules require races through 400 meters to be automatically timed to qualify as records.

Peter Coe pointed out that the aver-

age of the backup hand times on Sebastian's 1,000 had him in 2:13.13, significantly faster than the automatic—and official—2:13.4. "If that margin held in the mile," he said, "Svee might have finished outside the record."

Oveti's feelings on this question, or any other, could not be determined because, as is his practice, he declined to grant any interviews. A careful guardian of his privacy, he wishes to avoid the perhaps inevitable misinterpretation of his words by a rushed and sometimes sensationalistic press, preferring to express himself on his sport through his sport, or in relaxed social gatherings with the cognoscenti, such men as British national

distance coach Harry Wilson. "His is the artistic temperament," says one English observer. Indeed, his hobby is painting.

Oveti, who ran a two-mile outdoor world best (two-mile records have not been recognized since 1976) of 8:13.6 in 1978, is accepted in Brighton as a man who speaks his mind when so inclined and wins his races. At London's Crystal Palace track he has an undeniable rapport with the crowd, though on occasion his jubilant arm-waving halfway down the homestretch as he lucks past the field—surely an expression of the joy and ease of his own running—is interpreted by opponents as a denigration of their efforts.

As Oveti came off the track after his record mile, Coe had found a car to take himself back to the hotel. He told the driver to stop so he could get out to congratulate the new record holder. Oveti was warm in his thanks. One suspects that there is no real animosity between these men, simply an awareness of their great differences.

Even at the reception following the meet the countrymen-rivals stayed apart. Oveti with Wilson at one end of the room, Coe with his parents and a few journalists at the other. Coe admitted to some curiosity about why Oveti, who in the past has eschewed the pursuit of records in favor of establishing racing dominance, now has chosen to break a few, but judged the moment not the best to ask. "For 55 minutes I held four world records," he said.

"Don't worry. The mile was the least important," said Peter Coe. "Only Americans run the mile anymore. And besides, it will be back in our grasp by the end of the season."

Peter Coe then had a word with Ireland's Eamonn Coghlan, who had won a hotly competitive 3,000 from Thomas Wessinghage of West Germany and Filbert Bayi of Tanzania, in the fine time of 7:37.6. "Not as exciting as last year, was it?" said Coghlan.

"No," said Peter Coe. "Records or not, it was all a bit clinical. It's still not racing. Racing's the thing. I have always agreed with Oveti when he says that." The elder Coe turned to watch the two milers, both with so little left to seek except each other. "Well, it will not be long now," he said.

END



Hitters like the Mets' Elliott Maddox must shoulder the burden of dodging so-called purpose pitches

THEY'RE UP IN ARMS OVER BEANBALLS

More than ever this season, hitters are taking their anger over chin music and the Rawlings lobotomy straight to the pitcher's mound by STEVE WULF

Baseball lore is filled with amusing stories about headhunters, pitchers like Sal (the Barber) Maglie, Ewell Blackwell and Stan Williams. Early Wynn used to say he'd knock his own mother down if she was crowding the plate. Dizzy Dean once flipped (knocked down) eight guys in a row. Heh, heh.

Whatever it's called—the knockdown, beanball, purpose pitch, chin music, smell of the hide or the Rawlings lobotomy—it's not funny. And neither are its aftereffects. Detroit's Al Cowens wasn't laughing the night of June 20 when he grounded to short and charged to the mound to attack Chicago Reliever Ed Farmer. It seems that on May 8, 1979, when Cowens was a Royal and Farmer was a Ranger, Farmer broke Frank White's hand with one pitch and Cowens' jaw with another. Cowens never accepted Farmer's apology, and 13 months later he tried to exact revenge by crawling up Farmer's back and bloodying his nose. Both benches emptied, and Cowens was fined and suspended for seven games. He now faces arrest on assault and battery charges, if and when he again sets foot in Chicago. Detroit's next game there is Aug. 26.

The Montreal Expos see no humor in being a target for National League pitchers, but that hasn't stopped them from meting out punishment of their own. On May 3 Third Baseman Larry Parrish was struck on the right wrist by the Giants' Ed Whitson and missed 31 games. On May 30 Rightfielder Ellis Valentine took a pitch on the cheekbone from the Cardinals' Roy Thomas and won't play again until this week. On June 12 Centerfielder Andre Dawson was struck on the right wrist by San Diego's Eric Rasmussen and missed five games. "We think the Dawson and Parrish cases were deliberate," says Montreal Manager Dick Williams. "We don't like people throwing at our people. There will always be a time to get back for something. It may take a year or two, but these things aren't forgotten."

In that case, Williams' team better be on the lookout, too. Expo Pitchers Bill Gullickson and Scott Sanderson sent Mets Mike Jorgensen and John Stearns, respectively, reeling with knockdown pitches last week, and neither batter got up smiling. Jorgensen is particularly sensitive to this kind of tactic because of a

beanball incident that occurred on May 28 last year when he was with the Rangers and Andy Hassler of the Red Sox hit him in the head. The pitch was behind him, and Jorgensen ducked right into it. Four days later he entered the hospital, complaining of headaches. He and his wife and daughter were watching *The Bad News Bears* in his hospital room when he suddenly passed out and went into convulsions. He had a blood clot on the brain, and if oxygen hadn't been administered immediately Jorgensen would have joined Ray Chapman as the only major-leaguers to die as the result of being hit by a pitch.

Last Saturday, Jorgensen came to bat just after Joel Youngblood had hit a two-run homer off Gullickson. When Gullickson's 0-2 pitch came right at his head, Jorgensen went down and came up pointing his bat at Gullickson. Before he could stalk the pitcher, he was restrained by Montreal Catcher John Tamargo. But then Stearns came charging out of the dugout, and both benches cleared. After Stearns was ejected and order was restored, Jorgensen gave Gullickson a sharp rejoinder. He singled to right. But the next night the beanball hostilities continued when Sanderson knocked down Stearns. This time Stearns responded with a single to left.

There's something in the air this sea-



Astros Howe protects a mauling cheekbone

son, and it's not just pitchers' errant deliveries. It's a mad-as-hell tension. During a rhubarb Pittsburgh's Bill Madlock gives Umpire Gerry Crawford a glove facial. The ugly behavior of Detroit fans causes the temporary closing of the Tiger Stadium bleachers. White Sox broadcaster Jimmy Piersall grabs a sportswriter by the throat. But those are just the preliminaries; the main event is right out there on the field. There have been at least 13 occasions this season on which a hitter charged the mound. And usually one man is just the vanguard of a bench-clearing attack.

"Something has to be done," says the Expos' Dawson. "I'm fed up with being thrown at. If I get hit again, I'm going to be dishing out some bucks, because I'm

going to be thrown out of the game."

Some pitchers are getting itchy trigger fingers. Whitson, who hit Parrish and later admitted throwing a "purpose pitch" over the head of the Expos' Gary Carter, says, "If a player needs to see the stitches of the ball, I'll be glad to show them to him." Milt Wilcox of the Tigers is even more explicit. "I've always led my team in hit batters," he says. "Never worry about hitting a guy, unless you do it on purpose. . . . I've hit them in the head lots of times. Sometimes it gets away. That's what batting helmets are for."

Hostilities reached a peak on June 20. That was the night Cowens went after Farmer. Over in Texas, Ferguson Jenkins was throwing at Blue Jay rookie Damaso Garcia, who had homered off Jenkins five days earlier. Jenkins' first pitch whizzed behind Garcia. His second delivery came inside and brushed Garcia back. His third offering hit Garcia on the upper part of the left arm. This is the same Jenkins who averages all of two walks every nine innings. "I wasn't trying to hit him," said Jenkins. "I just wanted to get him off the plate a bit. Now he'll be thinking. And so will Rick Bosetti." Bosetti had sinned by hitting a double and homer off Jenkins in that game. "If Jenkins is going to throw at everybody who hits a home run off him," said Blue Jay Manager Bobby Mantick,

continued

After he was struck in the back, Doug DeCinces charged out and hit Mike Proly.



After he was knocked down, Reggie Jackson got up and hit a double.



"he's going to be awfully busy." Last year Jenkins gave up a major league-leading 40 taers.

On the same night, in Atlanta, Al Hrabosky brushed back the Cubs' Ken Henderson and then smiled and taunted him. Henderson headed toward the mound, and the benches cleared.

All in a night's work. Some other lowlights of the season:

- On April 20 in Baltimore, Doug DeCinces is hit in the back by Chicago's Mike Proly and charges the mound, running punches on Proly's back. Benches clear and DeCinces is ejected. Later, the Orioles' Sammy Stewart gets a warning for throwing at Harold Baines.
- On May 4 in Minnesota, Jerry Koosman knocks down Reggie Jackson of New York twice in the second. After the second knockdown, Jackson homers on the next pitch. The Yankees' Tom Underwood is later warned for throwing at and hitting Butch Wynegar.
- On May 5 in Chicago, Proly is again

charged, this time by the Brewers' Ben Oglivie, who was hit on the right ankle. Oglivie gives Proly a shiner, and the benches clear.

● On May 10 in Oakland, Toronto's Al Woods, who has singled and homered, is hit in the back by Rick Langford and marches to the mound. Benches clear, and in the ensuing melee Blue Jay Otto Velez is gang-tackled by Billy Martin and Steve McCatty and misses a week with a strained shoulder.

● On May 16 in New York, after giving up back-to-back homers, the Rangers' Dave Ripsch hits Jim Spencer, who charges the mound, and the benches clear. During the following set-to, Ripsch pleads innocent to Tommy John. "You and God are the only two guys who know that," says John.

● On May 30 in Anaheim, Angel Bruce Kison brushes back the Rangers' Buddy Bell, who then flies out. After taking a few steps toward first, Bell heads toward the mound, and the benches clear. Bell is ejected. Bob Babcock then throws behind the Angels' Dan Ford, and he is ejected. Kison hits John Grubb in the foot, precipitating another fight, in which Grubb sustains a finger injury causing him to miss two weeks. He and Kison are ejected.

● On June 10 in New York, the Dodgers' Ron Cey takes a Pat Zachry pitch in the thigh because he happened to come up after Zachry has surrendered back-to-back homers. Cey charges the mound and is ejected. "I don't think it hurt him as bad as it hurt his feelings," says Zachry. "After two home runs, a guy should expect something inside."

● On June 17 in Chicago, Terry Puhl of the Astros draws Doug Capilla's ire—and a fastball in the back—because five innings before, with his team leading 7-1, Puhl had stolen second. Joaquin Andujar throws close to the ear of the Cubs' Mike Tyson. Bill Caudill responds with a pitch at Andujar's head. Cub Manager Preston Gomez candidly admits asking his pitchers to throw at batters and offers to pay their fines. "It's the common law of baseball," he says.

Then there are Bosetti, Dusty Baker, Hal McRae, Jim Rice, Art Howe, Don Baylor and Julio Cruz, all of whom have missed a significant number of games this year be-

cause they were hit by pitches. "It's a grand old war out there," says Atlanta Pitcher Preston Hanna.

The war is fought over the 17-inch width of the plate; the inside part of it belongs to the batter, the outside part to the pitcher. And the way to make sure the batter doesn't get a good swing at a ball on the outside of the plate is to pitch him inside. "It's Robert Ardrey's *Territorial Imperative*," says Montreal's left-handed philosopher, Bill Lee. "The outside two inches of the plate are mine. If you decide to take them away, you're biting into my territory, so to speak. I have to come inside to regain it. But I don't have to do it viciously."

There are three degrees of inside pitching: the brushback, the knockdown and the beanball. The brushback, which is meant only to move the batter off the plate, is so common that even the hitters consider it acceptable. Then there is the knockdown, which an increasing number of hitters won't stand for but which some pitchers treasure above all. The beanball—the hard one to the head thrown with intent to hit the batter—is absolutely never ever thrown in baseball, or if it is, it's thrown by the other team. Montreal Pitcher Steve Rogers makes a further distinction. "In between the knockdown and the beanball is the I-don't-care-if-I-hit-him pitch. It's up and in, but if you're wild, you're going to be wild further up and in. It's a state of mind with the pitcher. That's really what hitting a guy is."

Once a pitcher throws the knockdown pitch, it becomes the batter's responsibility to prevent the pitch from becoming a beanball or a shoulderball or a ribball or a buckball. Ross Grimsley of the Expos seems to think his teammates are partly responsible for being hit. "If they had pitched better, they probably wouldn't have been seriously hurt," he says. "Veterans know what to do when a pitch is going to hit them, but the guys here aren't really good at it."

Besides crowding the plate and encroaching on the pitcher's turf, a batter can do other things to earn an HPB at the bottom of the box score. He can be unlucky enough to come up after the two men in front of him have homered. Baltimore's Jim Palmer is one of the few pitchers who will say, "I think it's malicious to hit anyone because of your own inadequacies." To many other players it's just part of the game. After being hit a

Oakland's Wayne Gross receives TLC after being HPB.



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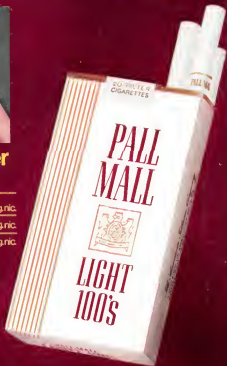


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few years ago by a Cleveland pitcher, California's Baylor said, "I was 9 for 10 in the series and probably deserved it." But, then, that was before he missed 41 games this season after being struck on his left wrist.

Because a lot of the flipping is done in the name of retaliation, batters can be as guilty as pitchers. They may not want to get hit, but they do expect to be "protected." Says Ken Singleton of the Orioles, "You have to protect your own hitters. If they lose faith in their pitchers, they just won't hit for them." When Underwood decked Wengert because Jackson was knocked down, Jackson said he was "thrilled."

At least one pitcher questions that way of thinking. "The best way for a pitcher to protect a batter is to be ready to come off the bench when the brawl starts," says Rogers. "The fact that one of your men was hit shouldn't make it mandatory to hit one of theirs. Like when Ellis Valentine was hit. Was I supposed to have hit Keith Hernandez in the face and broken his jaw so he could be out for two months?"

This macabre mentality does exist in baseball, particularly among the coaches and managers who are proponents of the "good old days." These are guys who played when men seemed to enjoy eating dust. "Hell, it was fun," says Harvey Haddix, the Pirates' pitching coach. "If somebody knocked you down, you threw at him in retaliation. It was part of the game. I can't understand why anybody gets upset when it happens now."

"They get hit by a slow curve today, and they holler like stuck pigs," says Billy Martin.

"The hitters are getting too sensitive," says Boston Manager Don Zimmer, who's been seriously beamed twice and wears a steel plate in his head.

"There are no more headhunters," says George Bamberger.

"There are headhunters," says Reggie Jackson, who hits the dirt a lot, "but I won't name them." Nobody will. But players will talk about pitchers who like to get inside, like Kison, Wilcox, Cleveland's John Denny, Boston's Bob Stanley and Dennis Eckersley, the White Sox' Francisco Barrón, the Pirates' Eddie Solomon, St. Louis' Pete Vuckovich, Los Angeles' Don Sutton and the entire Cubs staff. Another member in good standing is Paul Hartzell, who was with the Orioles earlier this year. After he threw one

too many brushbacks, Manager Earl Weaver told Pitching Coach Ray Miller to tell Hartzell to cut it out. "I don't want somebody hitting Eddie Murray in the head," said Weaver. Hartzell was later sent out to the minors.

Commissioner Bowie Kuhn says, "We take no pride in violence, we don't need it, and we can sell this game without it." But, he says, he sees no untoward trend this season.

But Yankee owner George Steinbrenner does see cause for alarm. "If the powers that be don't start to do something, they'll have serious consequences," he says. "I know for a fact there are managers telling their pitchers to throw the brushback. The first time it happens, the pitcher should be suspended for two weeks. My lawyers have researched the problem, and they say it constitutes intent to harm with a deadly weapon."

Nobody seems to know why it's happening, although most people agree it occurs more in the American League, where the pitchers don't face retribution by batting themselves. "It's nice to know that you don't have to go up to the plate after you've loosened up a batter," says Rick Waits of the Indians. White Sox owner Bill Veeck, who termed Cowens' attack on Farmer "an unprovoked and mindless assault," thinks the fuss is a sign of the times. "As a player becomes richer, perhaps he becomes more sensitive, and he says, 'Don't throw fastballs within inches of my million-dollar body.' He imagines there should be an aura of safe air around him."

Whatever the reason, the hitters are ready to take matters into their own hands. "If I know a guy is throwing at me, as soon as I'm hit I'm on my way to the mound," says Reggie Smith of the Dodgers. "I'm not going to wait for my pitcher to retaliate. The pitcher's got a built-in excuse. All he has to do is say he was just trying to get the ball inside. If he kills me, all he says is 'Hey, the pitch got away from me.' But if I go after him with a bat, I go to jail."

Suggestions? California's Rod Carew says to let the batter go to the ball bag, select one and throw it at the pitcher. The Cubs' Gomez thinks the hitter and pitcher should be allowed to go at it alone, like in hockey. With more suggestions like that, the joke will soon be, "I went to the fights the other night, and a baseball game broke out."

Something can be done. Baseball tried to curb retaliation in 1978, when it amended Rule 8.02d to give the umpires power to warn not only the offending pitcher, but the other team's pitcher as well. Umpires were also given the option of issuing a warning before a game. The trouble with this rule is that the umpire can eject pitchers only after at least two blatant knockdowns—the one that provokes the warning and the one that results in the ejections. "The rule is odd," says St. Louis Pitching Coach Claude Osteen. "It often boils down to who beats who to the punch." Why not issue a general warning before every game? The commissioner doesn't think it would be fair.

Also inherent in the umpire's authority is the power to disqualify any player, coach or manager for unsportsmanlike conduct. Certainly, the beanball qualifies as unsportsmanlike.

A quicker thumb would help, too, although the argument against this is that the umpires can't read the pitchers' minds. Maybe so, but sometimes the circumstantial evidence is overwhelming. Jenkins never even got a warning for hitting Garcia. And clubs shouldn't be allowed to pay their players' fines or subsidize their suspensions. As it stands now, the fines and suspensions amount to no more than wrist slaps.

"We have to make a living the best way we can, and if it's intimidation, then it's intimidation," says Seattle Pitcher Dave Roberts. "If we can't do that, then I don't want to pitch. I want to be a batter, because I know they can't throw at me, and I can go out and hit anybody."

Fortunately, players like Roberts' teammate Bruce Bochte take a more reasoned view. "I have a very, very low regard for a pitcher who throws at a hitter's head," says Bochte. "But within the fraternity of baseball it's almost unmanly to think that there shouldn't be such a thing as a knockdown pitch."

If the knockdown pitch wasn't so manly, Red Sox fans might be spared the awful sight of Dwight Evans, who was beamed badly in 1978, batting .193. They might not have to wonder what kind of career Tony Conigliaro would have had. And we might not have to be reminded that Aug. 16 of this year is the 60th anniversary of the death of Ray Chapman. Carl Mays was only trying to move him off the plate.

END

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GOODYEAR
Out front. Pulling away.

Robert Waldorf Loveless, 51, is standing before a polishing wheel, buffing the blade of a hunting knife. It is midnight. On the radio, Bessie Smith wails *Empty Bed Blues*. Loveless, a big man with a voice to match, has been working for 12 hours. He's wearing jeans, a workshirt embroidered with Japanese characters, a Rolex watch and a cocked, locked and loaded .45 automatic Colt Commander pistol. A gaily striped cap—a facsimile of the pre-World War II Japanese Army summer forage model—covers his graying hair.

Loveless holds up the shimmering knife for inspection, flipping a set of homemade 7-power magnifying lenses over his safety glasses. His huge hands are covered with calluses, cuts, steel grit and grease, but he holds the seven-ounce object as comfortably as a surgeon holds a scalpel. His eyes travel over his handiwork, centimeter by magnified centimeter. Sighting down the cutting edge, he roars suddenly at the ceiling. "God, Loveless, you sure as hell have a lot to learn about making knives!"

The experts don't agree with him. In the opinion of hunters, guides, collectors and fellow bladesmen, Loveless is the best knifemaker in the world. And they proclaim their praise with reverence. Gene Hill, hunter and outdoors author: "A Loveless knife is like a Purdy shotgun—classic, elegant and unsurpassed." Ed Weinberger, friend, outdoorsman and collector: "No knife has the density, the feel of a Loveless. It's a work of art, and it's an extension of your arm." A.G. Russell, knifemaker, honorary president of the Knifemakers' Guild and custom-knife broker: "You can say that this knifemaker's grinding is better than Bob's, or that that one's polishing is better. But overall, he makes the best handmade knife in the modern world. When you hold a Loveless, you know that it's something very, very special."

Loveless fighting knives hang on the belts of many army staff officers around the free world, are used by Special Forces A teams and find their way into the boots of CIA operatives. His hunting knives are worked hard by Montana cowboys, Texas guides and Alaskan trappers.

But a substantial number of Loveless blades lie in the dustproof velvet cases of the collectors, who don white gloves before touching them lest a fingerprint mar their perfection. And that is a fact that pains the master.

In the booming custom-knife-collecting market, Loveless blades are almost worth their weight in gold. Over the past few years, several Loveless knives have sold for \$3,000. Lovelesses are so much in demand that their maker is five years behind in filling the orders that pour into his shop. A few months ago he stopped taking orders altogether, sending the collectors into the land of frenzied bidding that attends the death of a famous painter.

To those of us who buy a \$15 sheath knife in a hardware store, it's difficult to understand what makes a hunting knife worth \$3,000. It is a question that bothers Loveless as much as anyone.

The master of the cutting edge lives on the outskirts of Riverside, Calif., 60 miles and high-ways southeast of Beverly Hills. Here pickup trucks pick up bales of hay and bags of seed instead of Bo Derek imitators. The pastel paint on the clapboard houses is washed out and peeling. The sign on the local liquor store is made of bare light bulbs, and across the road from Loveless' small decaying yellow house, a mongrel dog chained to a stained bathtub in a front yard yaps endlessly.

Now Loveless is having dinner in his tiny kitchen at one of those long Formica-topped tables folks rent for backyard wedding receptions. Before him are his .45 on top of a volume of Ansel Adams nature photographs, a television with a five-inch screen tuned to the news, a book called *The Rich and the Super-rich* and a Braun lighter that is included in the Museum of Modern Art's design collection. On a cracked plastic plate are a filet mignon and an Oriental noodle dish prepared by Loveless' Japanese wife, Yoshiko. It is a mad collage: East meets West, gun advocate vs. environmentalist, the meticulous artist vs. the patently shabby.

Loveless is given to sudden philosophical outbursts. Furiously gumming his steak—he has continued

ON THE CUTTING EDGE

Bob Loveless lives a life of apparent contradictions, not the least of which is that the handmade knives he fashions so beautifully are avidly sought by collectors he likes not at all **By J.D. REED**



two sets of false teeth but they irritate him, so he usually wears neither—he blurts out, “Our lives are mired in detritus. Objects own us; they keep us from our creativity. The kind of American who acquires a lot of expensive things so that he can show them off to his peer group and thereby acquire more status is the kind of American that makes me puke.”

“Why would anyone pay \$3,000 for a hunting knife? They say, because my name is on it. I’m carrying an awfully big rep. If I were a gunfighter, I’d be hiding in a cave somewhere. But I wouldn’t spend that much money for a knife if it were autographed by Jesus Christ himself!”

To underscore his point, Loveless brandishes his steak knife. It’s one of those serrated-blade jobs with a plastic handle, the kind they advertise on late-night television. “This does the job,” he growls.

But in the modern, orderly cinder-block shop behind the house, a set of 12 Loveless steak knives is being ground for a Connecticut art dealer. The price: \$1,500. Such are the vagaries of a free-market economy, Loveless will tell you. And unlike the \$2.98 variety he wields

over his dinner, the Loveless knives will long outlast their owner. Two centuries from now they should still be slicing beef.

There are more than 250 registered custom knifemakers in the country, many of them ranchers, engineers or outdoorsmen who make only a few knives each year as a hobby. There are perhaps 30 full-timers like Loveless who make a living at their craft. Knifemaking boomed in the late ‘60s, when the collectible mania caught hold of otherwise normal folks, who began amassing everything from glass powerline insulators to cork beer coasters. The demands of knife collectors and speculators have driven the makers in a direction that Loveless hates.

When he conceived and co-founded the Knifemakers’ Guild in 1970, he had no idea what the result would be. “We were suddenly ‘discovered,’” he says, “and the shame of it was that the collectors drove the prices sky-high. Hell, a working cowboy, a hunter, even a guide, has a tough time affording my knives now.”

Loveless separates handmade knives into two groups: “using” knives and “wall-hangers.” He proudly makes the former variety, while many of the finest



craftsmen turn out absurd-sized Bowies, scrimshawed push-daggers and elaborately engraved commemoratives for the outrageous prices that collectors are willing to pay, Loveless refuses to cater to that market.

“The test that separates a working knife from a toy is the pelvic joint of a buck mule deer,” Loveless says. “You use one of those big, pretty Bowies that’s been made for a museum, and the damn blade will snap off or get so dull that it won’t cut the other hip. What’s the point of a new knife in a museum or a cabinet? That’s for history to decide, not the knifemaker.”

For all his railing against the hoarding of objects, Loveless has an insatiable lust for calculators, cameras, watches, pistols, tape recorders, pens and miniature television sets. They are arrayed by the dozens in orderly fashion in his seven-room shop. Loveless is also a compulsive tinkerer, never satisfied with these and other objects as they are. “If I pick up a hammer to build a house, I’ll start thinking about how I can improve the tool,” he says. “I won’t get the house built, but I’ll end up with one hell of a fine hammer.”

Despite the discount-store aspect of Loveless’ shop, most of it, including



Among the things Loveless loves are Oriental food, miniature televisions and his trusty .45 pistol



PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANE STEWART

\$100,000 worth of machine tools, is devoted to knifemaking. Like most modern knifemakers, Loveless uses the stock-reduction method of making blades, in which the knife begins as a bar of $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch-thick stainless steel and is ground away and shaped by motor-driven grinding belts of successively finer grits into a finished knife. It's a long, dirty process, though a matter of fine touch, and after a day in the shop, Loveless, his skin gray with steel dust, often looks as if he's come up from a coal mine.

There are a few men, like Bill Moran in Maryland, who hand-forged blades by the old Damascus method, heating metal and pounding it into shape on an anvil, building layers of steel and soft iron into a usable blade. But Loveless, firmly committed to high-tensile stainless, says, "Forging is an interesting exercise in history, but I want a stronger blade when I go into the woods."

Although his shop seems roomy enough for an apprentice or two, who could help Loveless catch up on his five-year backlog, he claims he can't afford such assistance, even though the average price of his knives has risen to \$600 and he could turn out 20 knives a month if he pushed. But Loveless honors the prices in effect when customers placed

their orders. Thus, a simple four-inch knife that has a current market value of \$600 may have been selling for \$200 in 1975 when Loveless took the order, and that's the price at which it will be de-

Loveless puts the finishing touch on a new knife ground from a bar of his stainless tool-steel.

livered. Loveless shakes his head "I'm probably a damn fool, but the customers ordered in good faith and sent in deposits. I can't ask them to pay the current tab."

Loveless also shares some of the blame for the backlog. He made only 75 knives in 1979 because he wasn't in the mood—knifemaker's block, as it were. Masters are like that. But it is not only that he can't afford an assistant; he probably doesn't want one. He doesn't make friends easily; he prefers standing bow-legged at his grinding wheel late at night, listening to blues and jazz, alone with his craft. He's a loner.

Occasionally Loveless lowers his tired bulk onto a shop stool, pours coffee into a tin mug and considers his knives. He picks one up and slides the blade sideways over his thumbnail. If it isn't perfectly sharpened, the blade will slide off. He gently pokes the point into a big callus in his palm to test it. And he speaks in low purring tones of his craft.

"When a man picks up a knife, there's an old memory from the collective unconscious that surfaces. A knife is an atavistic experience. It was man's first tool and weapon. Man was chap- confused



Yoshiko sees that her husband is properly dressed on trips to Japan, where he is regarded as a samurai.

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ping flint into cutting edges before he invented the wheel. No matter how sophisticated we become, a knife takes us back to the cave.

"I can see myself as a Neanderthal flint chopper sitting by the fire in the night. It was the first specialized labor in human history. Maybe I knew where the best flint was, or how to flake it better than anyone else. My lineage goes back before what we call the oldest profession. It's a craft at least 30,000 years old. When people wonder how a man can spend his life making hunting knives, they should remember that. It's a gloriously venerable occupation."

Turning one of his knives over in his hand, Loveless says, "If people think my knives are better than anyone else's, there's a reason. A knife is an extension of your experience. And I've had more intense experiences than most people. There's more character running in my veins."

If character built on hard experience

is what it takes to become a celebrated knifemaker, Loveless has been working at his profession all his life. Born in 1929, he lived through the Depression on his grandparents' 17-acre farm near Warren, in northeastern Ohio. When he was 14, he altered his birth certificate and joined the Merchant Marine. In the waterfront busts of several foreign ports he witnessed some knife fights, which intensified his interest in these weapons, and he experimented with improving them. During the early part of World War II, he sailed in the Merchant Marine, later he became an Air Corps control tower operator on Iwo Jima.

In the early '50s Loveless attended the Institute of Design in Chicago, the last enclave of architects, artists and designers of the Bauhaus school. He studied product design and took a course taught by the famed architect Ludwig Mies van der Rohe. Most of all he was indoctrinated in one of the Bauhaus school's holiest beliefs: form follows function.

Loveless went back to Ohio and studied literature and sociology at Kent State for a while but soon wound up sailing again, this time on a tanker homeported in New York. "I went to Abercrombie & Fitch to buy a really good sheath knife," he recalls. "We used knives hard aboard ship. I saw a beautiful Randall knife. Bo Randall was the man in knives in those days. His shop in Orlando was a legend. But the salesman told me that the Randall was only for display. There was a nine-month waiting period to get one. I thought to hell with it, it can't be so hard, I'll make my own."

Using a piece of leaf spring from a 1938 Packard, Loveless forged his own blade on the oil-fired galley stove of the ship. Pleased with the results, he presented his work to the head of the Abercrombie & Fitch cutlery department, who was impressed by this first effort. Soon Loveless was a full-time knifemaker, settled in Claymont, Del. From 1954 to 1960 he turned out more than a thou-

continued



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sand hand-forged knives called Delaware Maids for the New York store, and they became one of Abercrombie & Fitch's best-selling handmade items, outselling the Randall blades. Loveless' early efforts, he admits, were copies of Randall designs. But in the mid-'60s he achieved the breakthrough that would make him the king of the knifemen and would revolutionize the design and crafting of sporting cutlery.

Randalls were great, heavy knives, with lethal if unwieldy six- and seven-inch blades. They were the knives that helped win the Island War in the Pacific. Novelist James Jones collected Randall knives and wrote about one in *Some Came Running*.

But Loveless felt that Randall's combat knives were too fragile and unbalanced for a hunter's fine work, in which the skinning of a trophy animal, particularly the delicate work around antlers, nose and eyes, is critical. As to how he hit on the solution, Loveless says, "Most creative work is done by not walking up to the front door of a problem. It's usually more productive to go round behind the barn and have a nap in the grass." The result of this theory of creativity was the Loveless four-inch "dropped hunter" knife.

"Dropped" refers, in this case, to the point of the knife, which drops away from the back of the blade, allowing the knife to be worked blade upward, sliding under a deer's hide, for instance, without damaging the flesh. After just a few years the design has become widely imitated by both commercial and handmade cutlery the world over.

On the way to his moment of genius, Loveless gave himself a thorough course in metallurgy. He was the first knifemaker to develop his own special-melt steel—a highly alloyed (silicon and manganese were the main additives) tool steel—instead of using the less sophisticated Swedish variety, which was standard at the time.

Loveless pared inches and ounces from the hunting knife, determining from his own experience and that of a number of hunters and guides that four inches was enough blade, that anything more would be too difficult to control precisely. His current designs have shrunk to 3½ inches.

More important, Loveless found, in exploring an abandoned 19th-century

technique, the strength and balance that would allow the smaller, thinner blade to stand up to the rigors of field use. The technique is called the full-tapered-tang method and was originally required to offset the weaknesses of steel softer than what is now available. Before Loveless, the tang of a modern steel knife was often ground down to a point half the length of the handle. The result of this was often an unbalanced tool with a weak handle mounting. Loveless refined the disused full-tang technique, tapering the butt end of the tang, which runs the length of the handle, down to one-sixteenth of an inch. Just as the Loveless blade was thinner and lighter at the tip, so the butt of the handle would be similarly light, concentrating the weight perfectly at the center of the knife. And the handle then became two thin slabs of material attached like halves of a pistol grip to the tang, instead of a great lump of stag or ivory and brass.

In the master's self-described "howling egotist" mode, which comes on him for brief periods daily, he'll enthuse, "The tapered tang is a beautiful concept. You have this full thickness where you need it—at the hilt, where the stresses are greatest. Meanwhile, your hand is controlling the tip of the knife through the length of the handle. When people say that a Loveless knife feels better than another, that's what they're experiencing."

Loveless also affixes his mark—an important aspect of bench-made knives—in a different manner from most other cutlery. R.W. LOVELESS, MAKER, RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA is acid-etched on the blade, not stamped on the knife, so there is no chance of stress fractures occurring. A few Loveless knives carry, in addition to his mark, the figure of a reclining nude woman. Loveless won't say why she's on some and not on others; he just smiles gummily, his eyes twinkling.

Another Loveless advance brings the sheath to a functional art form. "I hate to have to fumble around unsnapping one of those keeper straps that hold a handle," he says, "so I borrowed a design of wet-forming leather around each knife, sewing in a welt to keep the knife in place. Enough of the handle sticks out so that you can get it with one hand, and the damn thing will never fall out."

Add to all this the superior craftsmanship of Loveless' hands and his unforgiv-

ing eye for detail, and you have the state of the art in knifedom today. "One of my knives in its sheath is about the neatest package in all of design," he says. "I make one of the finest tools in the world. A knife is as personal and necessary a thing as a man ever owns, and, by God, I don't have to apologize to anyone."

In fact, if there is any apologizing to be done, Loveless figures that it is owed to him by customers who refuse to treat his work as something of utility, who put his knives in cases and "fondle and drool over them."

"Ninety percent of my knives aren't used!" he exclaims. "And, damn it, they should be out working. That's why I make them. When some old cowboy or guide comes back to me with a knife that's worn down to a nub and he says, 'That thing fit my hand better than any knife I'd ever had, and it worked longer, too,' that's fame. That's what I'm on earth for. A knife is a tool, and if we don't treat our tools with a certain familiar contempt, we lose perspective."

Loveless has developed some unique ways to foil collectors who only want to display his knives. In his shop is a collection of handle materials sent to him by customers. In fact, handles are about the only things on a Loveless knife you can specify. "I'm a bench maker," he insists. "A custom maker is a guy who'll tailor a knife to your specifications. I only make my own designs."

While he'll attach slabs of manatee rib, walrus ivory, rare woods and stag, elk and sheep horn to knives, Loveless' standard material—the stuff one will get unless one tells him otherwise—is a synthetic called Micarta, a close relative of fiber glass, made from layers of cotton cloth and phenolic resins. "All the so-called 'natural' stuff like stag and ivory eventually shrinks and cracks," Loveless says. "But that damn Micarta never does. Those handles will outlast the collectors and maybe get back in the hands of sportsmen and working guys a hundred years from now." Although Loveless does not say it, one senses that durability is not the whole reason for the plastic handles. He knows that collectors look down on so plebeian a material. It's the handle of a beer drinker, while ivory is the champagne of materials.

When Loveless began using his steel in blades, it rusted rather easily, and therefore it was polished to a mirror fin-

continued

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ish so that corrosion couldn't take hold in small scratches left by grinding. The polished look caught on with collectors to the extent that, as Loveless says, "When you give a collector a new knife, he often whipped out a glass to check for scratches instead of appreciating what he was holding." Because of advancements in steel, the mirror finish is no longer necessary, although most makers still employ it for the trade.

Loveless is starting to make blades with a "brushed satin" finish, which gives the blade a soft glow. "A brushed blade will stain some," he says, "but a sportsman doesn't mind that. It gives the knife some character. Mostly, it cuts 20% off the price and makes my knives more affordable to the kind of people who will use them."

Even though he prefers to work alone, Loveless' kitchen and workshop have become gathering places for friends and knife buyers. On a recent afternoon, a young man, a neighbor, showed up to have coffee and boast about how he'd found a canyon full of rattlesnakes nearby and was waiting to blow them away with birdshot from a .357 Magnum rifle.

Loveless raised his safety glasses, gazed steadily at the youngster and said, "Why, were the snakes bothering you?"

Loveless gave up hunting in 1970. "I've taken more than my moral limit of game," he says. "I've shot things I didn't eat. It was enough."

And Loveless won't sell a customer one of his fighting knives unless the buyer can prove to him that he's in some hazardous profession—the police or military, for example—that might actually require such a weapon. His awesome 8½-inch Big Bear combat knife is priced at \$3,000 to discourage sales. "I don't like the vibes the people who want to buy fighting knives give off," Loveless says. "There's a deep streak of fascism in many Americans. They're frustrated and violent. A whole generation has grown up on the boob tube and Vietnam. I won't contribute to it."

On the other hand, Loveless has carried a

handgun since he was 17. He wore his .45 when he married Yoshiko two years ago at nearby Mission Inn, the landmark hotel where Richard and Pat Nixon were wed. "I look into myself regularly for any hypocrisy about it, but I can't find any," he says. "I've never drawn that gun in 34 years. I'd never draw it to stop someone robbing me. Hell, a man can always get more objects. But if anyone tried to hurt me or my wife, I'd blow them away without a pang of conscience."

Loveless is visited at times by the CIA's technical division spooks who whisper odd and deadly requests. He takes such assignments if they are "interesting." He won't talk about any current work he may be doing for the agency, but he fondly remembers making a blade the size and shape of a pocket comb that fit into a CIA-issued passport case. When the case was thrown, the razor-sharp and specially weighted blade cut the case and sliced into whatever it hit. "Real James Bond crap," mutters Loveless.

In Japan, where he frequently travels with his wife, Loveless is regarded as a sensei—a spiritual master—of blade-craft. One Tokyo knifemaker paid \$1,000 a month to study with him. But Loveless gets nervous being treated so reverently. "When they start that 'Zen master' stuff, I go like this," says Loveless, collapsing his toothless jaw until his chin touches his nose. He is convinced that this gets him off the hook, but, in fact, his facial contortions simply yield a reasonable facsimile of the Laughing Buddha

and may even add to his spiritual image.

Loveless fully reciprocates the Japanese admiration. "I've seen cutting edges so perfect on Samurai swords that they seem to literally disappear into the air," he says. "There's not a flaw or imperfection on them. But there will be an imperfection in every Loveless knife. I won't challenge the gods."

"Besides, who would be worthy of owning the perfect knife? An actor? A Senator? A sports hero? If Einstein had needed a knife, man, I'd have made him a doozy."

After 26 years at the grinding wheel, Loveless has grown a little bored with making hunting knives. But he keeps forging—or grinding—ahead. The Gerber Legendary Blades Corporation, a quality commercial cutler, has retained Loveless as chief designer, a position in which he can put his populism to the test, to create an affordable top-notch factory knife.

He has also revolutionized the design of the jackknife, constructing his as a one-piece unit instead of using the layers with which folding knives have always been built. When the patent is granted, he'll be challenging Jess Horn, the king of the custom-made jackknife.

Loveless wants to take a few months off to do "arty" black and white photography in Japan. He's designing the first camera, he says, "that will fit the human hand." Sometimes he speaks of having his ashes placed, along with those of his wife, in her parents' burial plot in Mito, 60 miles northeast of Tokyo.

But then he'll laugh, grab a bar of stainless steel and head for the grinding room. "Hell, they'll just find me dead at the wheel with a knife in my hand," he says. "Dead of a broken heart."

What would keep Bob Loveless' spirit intact is the certainty that in a couple of hundred years his knives would be in the hands of cowboys and hunters and soldiers doing their jobs. For him it would be a perfect world, where the collectors had moved on and a man and his knife were back to work.



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When he's not catching passes for the Los Angeles Rams, Preston Dennard takes pen in hand and plays bard

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

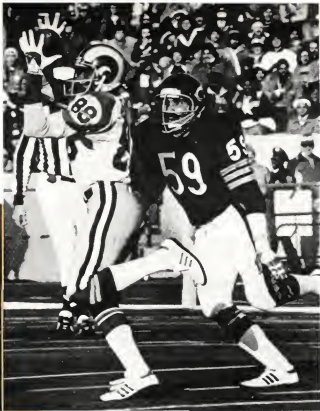
Preston Dennard, wide receiver for the Los Angeles Rams, is sifting through scraps of paper he keeps in a blue accordion file. There are pieces of newspaper, dog-eared notebook sheets, a faded diagram from college days of BYU's kickoff coverage, a slip of Howard Johnson stationery. It has all been scribbled on. He comes across a wrinkled bag from an Albuquerque music store called "Budget Tapes & Records." On the back side Dennard has written:

*I am what I am
You are what you are
But I am the one
Who is the star.*

And now he is laughing at his own whimsy. "Football is poetry," says Dennard, "and I consider myself poetry in motion." Dennard has reason. Last year he was the leading receiver for the Rams with 43 catches for 766 yards (an average of 17.8 yards) and four touchdowns. L.A.

HE'S POETRY IN MOTION





Coch Ray Malavasi says blissfully, "His future is all ahead of him."

And this is a guy who just a couple of years ago was considered too slow and too fragile for employment in the NFL. When he was ignored by all 28 NFL teams in the 1978 draft, Dennard became uncharacteristically gloomy, and wrote:

*My heart's been thrown down in
the dirt,
Guess that's what you're worth, here
on earth.*

But the Rams thought Dennard might be worth a look as a free agent. If he could dust himself off and shine up his heart, they said, they'd pay him \$25,000—that

L.A.'s top receiver last year with 43 catches for 766 yards, Dennard was signed by the Rams as a free agent in 1979 after starring at New Mexico.

is, if he made the team. You could have gotten better odds on his ousting Pete Rozelle in a bloodless coup. But, says Preston, "I thought, 'Ooooh, big money.'" The Rams cut Dennard in August of 1978 but then re-signed him a month later. He played 11 games that season, catching just three passes, but became L.A.'s main man in 1979. This season he will be paid \$100,000.

Says Dennard, 24, "I'm never going to look at football as a job. The Rams are paying me to do something I would

continued

do anyway for free. I consider myself a little kid in a big man's world. I enjoy doing what I do, and people enjoy watching me. It's too bad a lot of people don't associate football with pleasure. I do."

Indeed, Dennard associates everything with pleasure. He is level with ecstasy. He is so cheerful about everything that it's enough to make the average working-man—fed up with his job, wife, kids and car—throw up. Most of all, he is full-throttle joyous about his poetry.

*We are the same
With two eyes to see
The only difference
Is I believe.*

Oh, does he believe. In his ability as a football player? Sure. In his ability as a writer of verse? Heavens, yes. His buddy, Michael Cooper of the NBA-champion Lakers, says, "In a violent sport, it's hard

to think of a guy being so gentle and kind deep down. It's like when Preston leaves the football field, he can become, well, a human being again with his poetry."

Back home in Tempe, Ariz., Dennard's mother, Marion, says, "Everything about him is poetic. He's a peaceful person who doesn't like violence." For his part, Dennard admits to loving things like "old pennies, the crackling sound of popcorn and being lost in whirlwinds of idealization."

And so he composed this verse, called *These I Have Loved*:

*Round glaring models in all sizes and colors;
Rainy days; and baby brothers;
Hard, gusty winds; thick, rich massive clouds;
And diamond-shaped Christmas trees
Peering to the top of the ceiling;
Loud sensations of hot baked bread,
Noises; busy highways;
street bull all day;
And chapped lips, with
feelings of hard crusty shells;
Oriental foods giving off
roaring smells.*

Boiled down to the basics, Dennard wants to be perfect in everything. "All the time I was growing up," he says while sprawled alongside his wife, Jackie, and his 16-month-old child, Ryan, in the family room of his Fountain Valley, Calif. home, "I used to wonder how to be the perfect child. I wanted so bad to be perfect. Didn't you? Oh, well, I did, I thought, 'O.K., I won't go out at night so my mom won't worry. I'll take care of my brothers. I'll show respect for my sister.' Everything I did was so Mom would praise me. I'd clean up the kitchen. Guys would come by and want to play hoops. I'd say, 'Now, I'm writing poetry.' My dad would find me in my room with the lights off, ask what I was doing and I'd say, 'Just sitting here thinking.' And writing poems such as *Alone*:

*I saved my dreams last night
And woke uninspired
With rawblues of intimate laughter
And naked with the cold edge
of loneliness.*

"It got so my parents would try to make me go out, and I thought, 'Gosh, they don't think I'm normal. How can I be perfect if I'm not normal?'"

Much of Dennard's growing up was done in rugged South Phoenix, where he attended South Mountain High School. "The kids there carried weapons," he says. "They used a lot of things and did a lot of things. I was very timid. There were two major race riots at the school. Somebody shot at me through a window. It seemed all I did was run a lot, and I remember thinking, 'I don't think kids are supposed to go through this.'"

Dennard subsequently transferred to mostly white Marcos de Niza High in Tempe for his last two years. For that, he was taunted by blacks at South Mountain, one of whom chased him, "You just want to go over there and play with all those white guys so you can be a star."

But how can anybody fault someone who entertains lofty thoughts, then commits them to paper, and at no time even considers throwing rocks at streetlights? Says Dennard, "I love writing because I can create anything I want to. I can be a millionaire or a little white kid or a sailor. Someday, maybe someone will think one of my poems is a masterpiece."

*I sing
but my songs are not heard
I cry
steadily I drown
I speak
but who will listen
I dream
but there's no one there to tell
them.*

It all started in sixth grade when various friends, well aware of Dennard's ability to express himself, asked him to ghost love letters for them. Dennard would wax rhapsodic about a girl who was "as exciting and fresh as the first day of spring, as beautiful as sunlight over a bowl of ice cream." That excitement turns to dullness, that freshness fades, that sunlight turns to shadows and that ice cream melts are not sentiments on which Preston dwells.

continued

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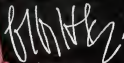
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Geoffrey Holder



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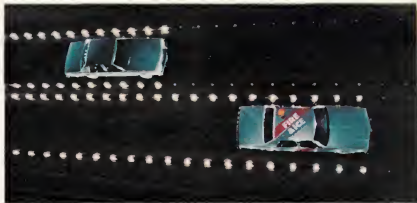
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longer than five football fields. It could be the difference between making the next freeway exit or running out of gas. And we're talking per gallon not per tankful.

Try it in your car

At Shell, we believe in making good products — then making them better. Try Shell Fire & Ice 10W-40 Motor Oil in your car. It's the motor oil that first became famous for protection — then went out and beat itself in mileage tests.



Through those growing-up years, Dennard suffered predictable ridicule. But things improved at Marcos de Niza, where he would sit in the courtyard writing his poems. Curious—or *nosy*—students would ask him to read; they liked what they heard. Says Dennard, "Society builds barriers. People think of poetry as feminine. People think of a poet as some guy with a long beard who hasn't bathed in 50 years. I wash and condition my hair every day."

But when a fellow is a football star (in the 1974 Arizona all-star game, Dennard caught three passes for three touchdowns and 128 yards), he can get away with unusual behavior. A number of universities sought Dennard's services in a variety of sports, although both Arizona and Arizona State looked the other way.

Dennard was definitely troubled by this and wrote:

*My mind is puzzled of not knowing
what to do
The more I think, it becomes tougher
to choose
I never figured that I'd be greatly
wanted some day
My mind is fully captivated by the
words they say
God knows the pressure I'm in at this
time
Though pressure is what I live for,
it's still blowing my mind.*

Dennard selected New Mexico, but he had a grade point average of only 0.6 in a 4.0 system in his first semester. "I cried," says Preston. "It wasn't me that failed. It was my attitude." Dennard says a coach appeared at his side and told him that for \$75 he could get him six hours of A's in correspondence. Said his would-be benefactor, "We're going to get those grades up real quick."

Sadly, many athletes jump at such a chance: Preston declined. "I felt funny," he says. "Why should I buy hours? The idea is to learn." The next semester he had a 3.3 average and, though 12 hours short of graduation, left New Mexico in 1978 with a cumulative 3.1 average—and a school-record 142 pass receptions.

Pat Smith, an assistant English professor at New Mexico, says, "I remember watching Preston play football and I thought, 'Somebody who runs like that and with that rhythm should be able to

write poetry.'" Soon Dennard was in her classes. "A lot of his stuff is just plain not bad," she says. Her favorite is *A Touch of Black*:

*Want a touch of black
I mean, he touched her and I never
felt it
The iron steams as Mahalia Jackson's
voice fills the house
On a warm afternoon
I mean, it was hot, but I couldn't sweat
by my ancient
Slave brothers and sisters did for me
We learned of Columbus all through
school
And he never touched me
I mean, I was blind and couldn't see
through or out
The window which was fogged
And Nikki Giovanni never wrote a
poem
Which I couldn't understand
And why was it that I loved her body
of silk blackness
And I couldn't touch her
I mean, I've always loved ice cream
and chocolate chip cookies
As I limited chocolate soldiers
trampling across snow
Yet, they never touched us
I mean, Rev. Oliver told me I was
successful
Yet I never met him, my reach is too
short
And they told us we were incapable
But Martin Luther King proved them
all wrong
I mean, you never told me what my
black crusty body meant
Till I heard my brother cry for
freedom
I thought I was free
I got all the peanut butter sandwiches
And I never touched him
I mean, no one ever touched me
The way you touched him when he
cries
I wanted to touch you
Where you touched him
Cause it would make me feel good too
And touching is my blackness
... Want a touch of black.*

For his part, Dennard says, "Poetry is whatever you consider it to be. It has rhythm but not necessarily rhyme. Pat taught me that."

People don't seem to know what to make of Dennard's poetry, mainly be-

cause there's always the danger of going overboard whenever an athlete displays even a modicum of ability or talent outside his sport.

"It is unusual for a football player to write like that," says Bill Mondt, Dennard's coach at New Mexico, "but it was just right for him." Says Malavasi, "We have a lot of guys on this team who do strange things." L.A. Running Back Wendell Tyler says, "I don't know nothing about his poetry or anybody else's poetry." Another Ram snorts, "He's the poet who thinks he knows it." Which doesn't bother Dennard. "If I weren't writing poetry," he says, "they wouldn't say anything to me at all."

Before Super Bowl XIV between the Rams and the Steelers last January, Dennard, who caught two passes for 32 yards in the game, was in a pensive mood as he wrote what he calls *I Once Met You*:

*Reaching is a part of you
I'm almost there
Touching is a part of you
I almost felt it
Asking is a way of you
I wished I knew
Reminiscing shapes a sequence of
your life
I'm part of yesterday
Beauty, wisdom and happiness is you
I once knew them
Didn't I meet you somewhere?*

Dennard understandably defends his work, saying, "I'll come from outside the guidelines, beyond the boundaries. The important thing is that poetry is my way. It gives me a chance for my say in society. People can read and say, 'Hey, he's talented.' And I like to think of myself as a creative person. Like in football, I create my success or failure. I don't play because of brute strength and force. I'm a weakling [He's 6' 1", 185 pounds.] So I have to be creative enough to adjust, and intelligent about what I do."

Thus, when Dennard got his chance as a free agent at the Rams' camp in 1978, "He was very alert as to what was going on," George Allen, the head coach at the time, recalls. Among the goings-on was the fact that the veterans were always looking for an excuse not to run; Dennard looked for an excuse to run. While the veterans let off-target passes go uncaptured, Dennard dove for them.

"I love to practice," Dennard says.

continued



Dennard, the proud owner of 11 chess sets, plays a game at his home with friend Glen Pato

"I love to sweat. I'd do something and George Allen would say, 'Who is that?'" Preston remembers relaxing between the Rams' two-a-day workouts and scribbling on the back of some motel stationery:

*I believe in love
And I believe in me
I believe in truth
That I will succeed.*

Dennard has a long stride and loves to run post-corner routes; he even loves the wide receiver's nightmare—catching a ball in the middle among ferocious linebackers and defensive backs. Mondt marvels at Dennard's "grace, timing and feeling."

So what is special about your hands, Preston?

"I don't know. They've always been there."

What if you start dropping passes?

"Then I won't play wide receiver in the NFL."

What's your football philosophy?

"If somebody throws you the ball, catch it."

What's the key?

"Be confident with your feet. You make sure everything is perfect, then you open up and perform."

He is just as determined to be perfect in signing autographs. "Other guys just sign their names," says Dennard. "I try to outdo them. Besides, I want people to remember me. I consider myself unique, so why should I write something typical?" Thus, he inscribed to a fan named Mildred: "May you prosper in all your endeavors as well as letting the beauty of life enhance the setting of the sun at your feet. Enjoy life because it enjoys you best. Best, Preston J. Dennard."

"Yeah," Dennard says, "I know. When I sign my promo pictures, I often end up writing right across the face. But this may turn some youngsters on to writing someday, and at the least, I'm sure to gain fame."

And he wants the fame, but not, he says, for the money. "If I were so be nationally known, I could change the world and then it really could be a dream world," he says.

A perfect world?

"Sure."

Can you help others to have such a sunny view?

"If you are not joyous inside, I can't make you joyous outside."

Dennard collects chess sets, not so much for the love of the game, although he does play at every opportunity, but because "It's one of the classiest games.

It's fun, but your mind is at work." There are 11 chess sets scattered around his home. Dennard also has 2,000 record albums, many of them classical jazz—"because it has class."

So, what's class, Preston?

"It's what you do. Lynn Swann has it. It's not hidden. It's professional, polished confidence in what you're all about. It's playing chess instead of cards, running an extra lap, poetry. It's the real thing. Nothing false. Class is me."

*Heights unknown to man
Distances never reached
The heavens never touched
A song never sung
Melodies never heard
Bird with no flight
Wishful thinking with no hope
A bell never rung
Touching with no emotion
Days never seen
A player who can't play
And a love never tasted.*

As a senior, Preston told his high school newspaper that his goal in life was "to work as a technical typing clerk for a large telephone company." But the dreams are bigger now. He contemplates building a ranch house in Arizona or New Mexico, where he would have lots of land all around, a Great Dane at his feet and his poetry at hand. And a view? "Naw, I can create my own view."

There is a slight chill in the Southern California night air, and Preston has lit a fire in the fireplace. As it flickers, he muses, "When I wake up, I always say, 'Well, thanks a lot. I'm here another day.' Too many people don't feel the joy of life. I'm excited because it's so much fun. I just can't understand why life is so hard for some people. I'll be hurt and disappointed sometimes, but then I'll be happy. I come down but I never hit bottom and I always go back up. What I want is to appreciate what I have now because it can so easily be taken away. I'm a good example of somebody trying to make a difference. I must be doing something right."

*Together in life's displeasures
Rearranging them in fashions of
sparkling treasures
As my creativity sparkles with the
setting sun*

*The ways of tomorrow have just
begun.*

The New Chrysler Corporation
challenges the Datsun myth:

Plymouth Horizon preferred overall to Datsun 510 41 to 9.



June 23-24, 1980. Nationwide Consumer Testing Institute, Inc. invited 50 people from Los Angeles in the market for imports to compare Plymouth Horizon and Datsun 510 4-door hatchbacks. After driving and riding in both cars for over an hour and comparing them in 30 categories (listed below) all made their personal evaluations. Their overwhelming choice overall was Horizon 41 to Datsun 9. These scores in this comparison tell a convincing story of the front-wheel-drive Plymouth Horizon's superiority over

Datsun 510. For a complete report of this test, write to Nationwide Consumer Testing Institute, Inc., 1415 Park Avenue, Hoboken, NJ 07030.

	Prefer			Prefer	
	Plymouth Horizon	Datsun 510		Plymouth Horizon	Datsun 510
Styling			Convenience		
Front End	27	23	Door Handle Operation	32	18
Profile	26	24	Glove Box Capacity	25	25
Rear End	22	28	Window/Door Lock Control	34	16
Overall Exterior	23	27	Ashtrays	36	13*
Seat Appearance	37	13	Interior Lighting	33	17
Instrument Panel	27	23	Front Room	43	4*
Door Trim	35	15	Rear Room	43	7
Carpeting	35	15	Ease of Entry/Exit	44	6
Overall Interior	33	17	Luggage Capacity	26	24
Drive			Ride		
Driving Ease	39	11	Smoothness	36	14
Cornering	39	11	Steadiness	43	7
Acceleration	34	16	Quietness	41	9
Pickup/Passing	34	16	Seating Comfort	44	6
Transmission Smoothness	38	12	Overall Riding Comfort	45	5
Braking Ability	41	9			
Windshield Washer Operation	35	15	OVERALL PREFERENCE	41	9

*No preference=1

Compare. The New Chrysler Corporation has the
front-wheel-drive cars to challenge the imports.

THE UMP'S GETTING SOME LUMPS



WHAT YOU SEE, A SILENT RON LUCIANO, IS NOT WHAT YOU GET

During a recent Toronto-Oakland game televised by NBC, Blue Jays centerfielder Rick Bosetti signed off his recitation of Toronto's starting lineup by saying, "And we'd like to thank NBC for making it possible for Ron Luciano to get behind the microphone today instead of behind the plate."

Well, some of us would like to thank Rick Bosetti to mind his own business. For while Ron Luciano is a wonderful man, and was a fine umpire, he isn't a very good announcer. Not yet, anyway. Never underestimate a 300-pound former Detroit Lions offensive tackle, insurance salesman, high school math teacher and man in blue who owns a sporting-goods store, watches birds, reads Shakespeare and lives with his mother.

In his 11 years as a major league umpire, Luciano spread much good humor, cheering enthusiastically for great plays, chiding with players and performing at first base as if performing in Act V of *Macbeth*, his conduct regularly drew reprisals from the American League office. Clearly, Luciano was destined for show biz.

NBC wanted to use him for the AL playoffs last year, but League President Lee MacPhail vetoed that idea. After the season, Luciano auditioned for NBC and showed enough to convince the network he wasn't just another pretty face. NBC offered him a job. After considerable soul-searching, Luciano decided to accept, and he telephoned

MacPhail with the news just before the start of the season.

"As soon as I told Lee," says Luciano, "I heard champagne corks popping in the background. The secretaries were cheering because MacPhail gave them the afternoon off."

For a partner, Luciano was given Merle Harmon, an old-school announcer who had been Bob Uecker's straight man in Milwaukee. Harmon and Luciano work the regional games behind Joe Garagiola and Tony Kubek. What they amount to are

on-the-job training sessions for Luciano, which brings up the question whether networks should use their airwaves for classrooms.

Luciano had to learn all the technical aspects of his new job, such as what an IFB (the Interrupted Feedback earphone) was and what "heroes" were. "They told me the heroes were coming up," he says, "and I panicked. I thought they were submarine sandwiches. Then they told me that heroes were the two-line graphics at the bottom of the screen. I didn't know what graphics were." Early in the year, after Luciano went to the trouble of taking his headset off so he could cough, the director told him to "use the cough button." He forgot to say "next time," and Luciano pressed it right then and there, obliterating what he was saying. He still has to fight the urge to stop talking when someone is saying something in his IFB.

But those are mechanical things that Luciano can pick up easily enough. He still must learn to tone down both his volume and enthusiasm; he has a rather pleasant voice, when it's soft. As for Luciano's overbearing air personality, that comes from an intense desire to please, and from nervousness; he squeezes Harmon's arms in moments of fright, and both arms are now black and blue.

Luciano also must learn when enough is enough. Talking about Toronto's bearded third baseman, Roy Howell, Luciano said,

"He's not really a redhead. He's not that way. You know how redheads are, very volatile. I knew a girl in Baltimore once who had a red beard. She was really volatile. A lot of crazy people in Baltimore. Baltimore is full of crabs, and I love them. [At this point, George Finkel, the producer, yelled from the truck. "Watch that!" I miss those crabs. They are so-o-o good to eat. That's what I mean.]"

Luciano also has a tendency to mess up. At the end of a Toronto-Detroit game, he laced into "George Anderson" for sending the Blue Jays' Garth Iorg up to pinch-hit, rightshander against rightshander. For one thing, Toronto didn't have anybody else, and for another, George Anderson manages the Tigers. Harmon didn't help matters by asking who George Anderson was. "Oh, you mean Sparky Anderson?" No, he meant Bobby Matlock.

In the same game, Luciano followed "He's got some kind of stance [Woofenuss!]" with "He's some kind of manager [Earl Weaver, of all people]" and "That is some kind of position [shortstop!]"

But Luciano can also be delightfully outrageous. When Rusty Staub of Texas was at bat earlier this season, Luciano said, "He looks like a girl, he runs like a girl, he swings like a girl, but he hits like a man." Detroit reliever Aurelio Lopez earned this accolade from Luciano: "He's my kind of man. Overweight." And the visage of the Tigers' Steve Kemp prompted Luciano to say, "Look at that nose. With that nose he doesn't need a bat. A lot of good noses on this club. You should see [Stan] Pap's when he comes up."

NBC seems to like the job Luciano is doing so far and is even giving him some of the credit for the Game of the Week's improved ratings this year: 7.0 points and a 26 share, up from 1979's 6.7 and a 25 share. And Luciano himself appears to be having a grand time. "For the first time in years I wake up in the morning and hear the birds sing."

When he's good, Luciano can be a funny and knowledgeable friend sitting in your living room. When he's bad, he can be the loudmouth at the end of the bar who won't let you watch the game in peace. He is some kind of announcer. What kind remains to be heard.

END

The New Chrysler Corporation challenges the Toyota myth: **Plymouth TC3** preferred overall to **Toyota Corolla** **34 to 16.**



June 21-22, 1980. A test panel of 50 men and women in the market for imports compared Plymouth TC3 to one of the most popular imports—the Corolla Sport Coupe. Both cars were compared in various categories (listed below) and driven over a 2.4-mile route in Los Angeles with a variety of road surfaces, curves and contours. Based on their evaluations, TC3 was preferred overall 34 to 16. Once again, a front-wheel-drive Plymouth got higher scores than a leading import. For a complete report of this test, write to Nationwide Consumer Testing Institute, Inc., 1415 Park Avenue, Hoboken, NJ 07030.

	Prefer			Prefer	
	Plymouth TC3	Toyota Corolla Sport Coupe		Plymouth TC3	Toyota Corolla Sport Coupe
Styling			Convenience		
Front End	37	13	Door Handle Operation	39	11
Profile	32	18	Glove Box Capacity	37	13
Rear End	39	11	Window/Door Lock Control	36	14
Overall Exterior	36	14	Ashtrays	42	8
Seat Appearance	41	9	Interior Lighting	39	11
Instrument Panel	28	22	Front Room	45	5
Door Trim	39	11	Rear Room	37	13
Carpeting	42	8	Ease of Entry/Exit	41	9
Overall Interior	35	15	Luggage Capacity	44	6
Drive			Ride		
Driving Ease	28	22	Smoothness	33	17
Cornering	23	27	Steadiness	32	18
Acceleration	27	23	Quietness	35	15
Pickup/Passing	26	24	Seating Comfort	40	10
Transmission Smoothness	32	18	Overall Riding Comfort	36	14
Braking Ability	27	23	OVERALL PREFERENCE	34	16
Windshield Washer Operation	39	11			

Compare. The New Chrysler Corporation has the front-wheel-drive cars to challenge the imports.

Busy base stealers like Ron LeFlore (right) have helped Montreal gain a foothold on first place in the NL East

A leg up on the league lead

The other day in the Montreal clubhouse, Expo star Ron LeFlore suddenly grabbed fellow outfielder Rowland Office and stuffed him headfirst into a large, wheeled laundry basket used for dirty towels. LeFlore then launched Office through the dressing room, surprising teammates, who are not accustomed to seeing a driverless cart roll past them. After all, LeFlore usually makes the whole team go, not just one player.

This playful vignette speaks volumes about Montreal and the current standings in the competitive National League East. Led by LeFlore, the high-spirited Expos are striking like thieves in the night. With suddenness and at very high speed, they've stumbled a few times along the way, but they've still led their division since June 7.

The Expos are succeeding not so much with the conventional weapons—bats and gloves and arms—but with their legs, specifically the remarkably speedy legs belonging to a trio of players that should be known as The Burglars. At week's end LeFlore was tied with Pittsburgh's Omar Moreno for the major league lead in steals with 49, Second Baseman Rodney Scott was fourth with 30, and Centerfielder Andre Dawson had 21. Their success rate

is an extraordinary 85.5%. But they are only three of the nine players whom Manager Dick Williams lets run at will. As a team the Expos already have 117 steals—tops in the majors—while the opposition has 69. "Speed makes up for a lot," says LeFlore.

Which is fortunate, because Montreal has a lot to make up for. After all, four of the best players from last year are gone, including First Baseman Tony Perez, who is hitting .303 in Boston and leading the American League in RBIs (64), and Pitcher Rudy May, who is 6-3 with the Yankees. This is a team with pitching that looks very average on paper, even on those rare occasions when everyone is healthy. This is a team with an undistinguished infield, except for Third Baseman Larry Parrish. This is a team that needs left-handed power. This is a team that has had to struggle along with some of its best players—Parrish, Right-fielder Ellis Valentine, Pitcher Bill Lee—on the disabled list. And this is a team that got LeFlore from Detroit as its main man during the off-season, then

watched in horror when its \$300,000-per-year acquisition went 2 for 52 at the plate during one stretch and had one adventure after another in leftfield after a lifetime in center. "It's weird out there," LeFlore confesses.

"I don't know why they win, but they are pesky little devils," says Philadelphia Manager Dallas Green. Pesky enough to lead the Phillies by one game and the Pirates by 1½ games at the All-Star break, even though their record since June 13 is 9-14. Clearly, the Expos need all the stolen bases, extra bases and aggressive play they can get.

Club President John McHale says, "Good pitching will beat good hitting, but it will not beat speed. We can score without any hits." For his part, Williams takes great delight in describing what he calls a typical Expo run: "A guy walks, steals second, goes to third on a ground-



continued

The New Chrysler Corporation
challenges the Datsun myth:

Dodge 024 preferred overall to Datsun 200 SX 30 to 20.



June 21-23, 1980. A panel of 50 people considering buying imports, selected by an independent test company, compared Dodge 024 sport coupe to a Datsun 200 SX 2-door hatchback. They drove both cars, rode in them and rated them in 30 different categories. The car they preferred overall? Dodge 024 by 30 to 20. A look at the scores below will show you how convincingly the front-wheel-drive Dodge 024 was preferred to the Datsun. For a complete report of this test, write to Nationwide Consumer Testing Institute, Inc., 1415 Park Avenue, Hoboken, N.J. 07030.

	Prefer			Prefer	
	Dodge 024	Datsun 200 SX		Dodge 024	Datsun 200 SX
Styling			Convenience		
Front End	23	25	Door Handle Operation	33	16*
Profile	26	24	Glove Box Capacity	33	16*
Rear End	26	24	Window/Door Lock Control	27	23
Overall Exterior	23	27	Ashtrays	47	3
Seat Appearance	34	16	Interior Lighting	30	20
Instrument Panel	24	26	Front Room	40	8**
Door Trim	36	14	Rear Room	43	6*
Carpets	34	16	Ease of Entry/Exit	42	8
Overall Interior	27	23	Luggage Capacity	45	4*
Drive			Ride		
Driving Ease	28	22	Smoothness	24	26
Cornering	27	23	Steadiness	25	23*
Acceleration	27	23	Quietness	24	26
Pickup/Passing	26	24	Seating Comfort	28	21*
Transmission Smoothness	29	20*	Overall Riding Comfort	29	21
Braking Ability	38	11*			
Windshield Washer Operation	31	19	OVERALL PREFERENCE	30	20

*No preference - 1

**No preference - 2

Compare. The New Chrysler Corporation has the front-wheel-drive cars to challenge the imports.

out and scores on a sacrifice fly."

He may poor-mouth a little too much, but the examples of how speed kills are many. For instance, one day last month against St. Louis, LeFlore singled, stole second and scored when the pitcher made a bad throw trying to pick him off at second.

This kind of attack is very new to Montreal. Until 1974, the individual club record for steals in a season was 16. Then Larry Lintz stole 50 for the current mark, which LeFlore will surely surpass this week. "We've always been kind of a heavy-footed team that would occasionally hit a long ball," says one club official. Even last year, when Montreal won more than it lost (95-65) for the first time since it joined the league in 1969 and was in the pennant race to the end, it stole only 12 bases, sixth best in the National League.

But that was before LeFlore, who stole 78 bases last year for Detroit and who will steal 104 this season if he keeps his current pace. LeFlore's chance at Lou Brock's major league record of 118 will increase as his batting average goes higher. Despite his early slump, he was up to .262 at week's end, and there is no reason to believe he can't finish the year around his career mark of .297. But even as a .262 hitter he can be exceedingly dangerous.

In a recent game against Pittsburgh LeFlore led off with a single to right. The scoreboard was flashing "Go, go." The fans were hollering "Go, go." The pitcher and catcher were thinking, "Go, go." And he did, making it easy, despite a good throw. LeFlore seemed to have stolen third also, but Dawson stroked a single up the middle to score him. Without the steal, Montreal doesn't score. In a game against the Mets last week LeFlore singled, stole second, went to third on Scott's bunt and continued on home when the third baseman threw the ball away in a hurried attempt to nab Scott.

LeFlore, who has been caught stealing only 10 times, considers himself "more controlled now than before, when I used to just go with reckless abandon." He studies pitchers and talks at length with them, liking nothing better than to get them gossiping about the foibles of other pitchers in the league.

Scott, who bats second behind LeFlore, says, "With pitching, a guy may be off. With defense, it just might not be your day. And hitting, who knows?

But with speed, it's always there, will never fail and always gives you a chance. A home-run hitter has a pretty slim chance. Speed is for sure." Using that speed is no mystery to Scott, who stole 39 bases last year and could nearly double that this season. "The key to stealing is to get a good jump and hope the throw is off," he says. "My philosophy is: the closer you are to home, the better off you'll be."

No Expo has been better off than the No. 3 hitter, Dawson, who sees a lot of fastballs when LeFlore or Scott is on base. Hitting behind his two fast friends has enabled Andre to accumulate 42 RBIs, lead the club in on-base percentage (.379) and top the league in game-winning RBIs (nine). "I love to watch LeFlore steal on a pitchout," says Dawson. "I'd say a catcher has about one chance in 10 of getting him. Speed is a blessing, isn't it? And as the season goes on, all of us are going to steal more, and there is no doubt we will win because we will create more RBI situations."

In addition, the Expo merry-go-round will create more errors by the harassed opposition, more intentional walks and fewer double plays. And the effect on an opponent's psyche is incalculable. Expo Pitcher Steve Rogers says, "When one of these guys comes to bat, the pitcher thinks, 'Don't walk him, because if he gets on first, it's like walking a double.' And that's a negative thought that hurts."

Understandably, opponents have resorted to some sneaky tactics to slow down the Montreal relay team. In Philadelphia recently, Williams complained about all the soft dirt around first base. Some of it was removed, but he shrugged, "I'd do the same thing to our opponents if we didn't have speed."

Montreal has more than speed, of course. Warren Cromartie and Woodie Fryman, for instance, can't run a lick, but they've contributed, too. Cromartie has adjusted well to a switch from left-field to first base and is leading the team with a .323 average, and Fryman has nine saves, a 3-3 record and a 1.76 earned run average. But both of them realize where the team's true strength lies. "Those three guys make our offense devastating," says Cromartie. "If you don't keep the first two off base, you lose," says Fryman.

And so far this season that is exactly what the rest of the National League hasn't done.

THE WEEK

June 29-July 5
by JIM KAPLAN

NL WEST A pall hung over the Houston (3-6) and Cincinnati (4-4) pitching staffs. It was bad enough that the Astros allowed 32 runs and 45 hits while dropping three straight to Atlanta. It was more depressing still that Nolan Ryan's 3,000th career strikeout came in an 8-1 loss to the Reds. Cincy Pitcher Tom Seaver returned home from San Francisco after yielding seven hits and five runs in four innings in an 8-4 loss to the Giants. Amid reports of retirement—Seaver said it was "conceivable"—he was put on the 21-day disabled list with tendinitis in his right shoulder.

While their rivals wilted, the Dodgers (5-3) took the lead for the first time in four weeks. Don Sutton shut out the Giants 4-0 and lowered his earned run average to 2.27. Using a shortened swing, Reggie Smith hit .375 in his last four games and took the batting lead with a .331 average. The Giants (4-4) bade farewell to Willie McCovey, who was ending his outstanding 22-year career. Before leaving, he beat the Dodgers 4-3 with a one-run double and got a run-scoring base hit in a 4-3 win over the Reds. In the latter game, his last at Candlestick Park, a crowd of 39,445 gave him six standing ovations.

Taking three apiece from San Diego and Houston, the Braves (6-1) averaged seven runs a game, climbed from fifth to fourth and gained 3½ games on the league leaders. Dale Murphy led the 17-inning attack with four homers and eight RBIs. Hating as if he were facing his own inept staff, Dave Winfield of San Diego (2-5) batted .452. Despite being rocked for 15 homers and 35 runs in seven games, the Padre pitchers didn't lose their sense of humor. When asked what he was carrying in three large cardboard boxes, reliever Rolfe Fingers said, "Home run balls."

LA 46-33 HOU 44-33 CIN 41-37
ATL 36-40 SF 36-42 SD 34-46

NL EAST For a first-place team, the Expos (3-5) looked like stumblebums. When he was called to the dugout for an interview, Pitcher Bill Lee caught the clems of his right shoe in the laces of his left and fell, injuring his right knee. Expo fielders were just about as ungraceful. Third Baseman Larry Parrish cosu Montreal one game by bobbing a throw. Shortstop Chris Speier set up a big inning in another defeat by booting a double-play ball, and the Expos committed five errors in a 9-5 loss to the Mets.

Philadelphia (5-3) Pitcher Bob Walk had better support. "Instead of trying to strike

continued

The New Chrysler Corporation challenges the VW myth: **Dodge Omni** preferred overall to **VW Rabbit** **50 to 0.**



June 10-11, 1980. A test panel of 50 men and women—in the market for import cars—was amazed as they compared Dodge Omni 4-door hatchback to VW Rabbit 2-door liftback. Not one panelist preferred the car that many label the “ideal” small car—VW’s Rabbit—to Dodge Omni overall. After driving and riding in both cars and comparing them in 30 categories, every panel member personally preferred Omni overall. If you find it difficult to believe the scores (listed below) and the superiority of front-

wheel-drive Omni over Rabbit in this comparison, we suggest you compare these cars yourself. For a complete report of this test, write to Nationwide Consumer Testing Institute, Inc., 1415 Park Avenue, Hoboken, NJ 07030.

	Prefer			Prefer	
	Dodge Omni	VW Rabbit		Dodge Omni	VW Rabbit
Styling			Convenience		
Front End	45	5	Door Handle Operation	36	14
Profile	47	3	Glove Box Capacity	48	2
Rear End	46	4	Window/Door Lock Control	44	6
Overall Exterior	47	3	Ashtreys	47	3
Seat Appearance	49	1	Interior Lighting	47	3
Instrument Panel	39	11	Front Room	49	1
Door Trim	43	7	Rear Room	49	1
Carpeting	46	4	Ease of Entry/Exit	47	3
Overall Interior	47	3	Luggage Capacity	43	7
Drive			Ride		
Driving Ease	47	3	Smoothness	47	3
Cornering	44	6	Steadiness	48	2
Acceleration	31	9	Quietness	47	3
Pickup/Passing	11	9	Seating Comfort	46	4
Transmission Smoothness	14	6	Overall Riding Comfort	50	0
Braking Ability	12	8			
Windshield Washer Operation	11	9	OVERALL PREFERENCE	50	0

Compare. The New Chrysler Corporation has the front-wheel-drive cars to challenge the imports.

everybody out, I threw fastballs and let them hit it into one of those Glo-Gloes," he said after settling down St. Louis 8-1. His teammates played errorless ball both in that game and in Wall's 5-2 win over the Mets. But when the Phillies had a chance to catch Montreal, Steve Carlton pitched his worst game of the year and lost 6-1.

There was little joy in Pittsburgh (4-4). The Pirates dropped a doubleheader to the Cubs and got virtually no hitting from anyone but Mike Easler, who didn't come to bat often enough (8 for 20) to really help. The only real high point was Jim Bibby's 5-3 win over the Cubs. It was Bibby's 10th victory in 11 decisions, and his .909 win-loss percentage leads both leagues.

The confusion atop the standings ignited a joyous—if premature—bout of Saturday night fever in New York. The Mets (4-3) edged within one game of .500 by beating the Expos 7-5 before 51,097 Saturday night revelers at Shea Stadium. Said Centerfielder Lee Mazzilli, who homered in four consecutive games and ran his hitting streak to 16 games, "I've said it before and nobody seems to listen. Whether people realize it or not, we're in a pennant race. We're going into the All-Star break and we're still in the thick of things. This is a pennant race." We get the idea, Lee.

The acme of Chicago's 3-4 week was the play of Pitcher Doug Capilla. As Pittsburgh Third Baseman Bill Madlock charged in, anticipating a sacrifice, Capilla faked a bunt and bounced the ball past Madlock to score Scot Thompson. That hit and Capilla's pitching—he allowed only two hits in seven innings—led to a 2-1 victory. The nadir was Dave Kingman's play. Kong was booed by Wrigley Field fans for failing to drive in runs and allowing two Cardinals to score when he dropped a fly ball in a 9-7 loss. For their part, the Cardinals (4-4) were uncharacteristically alert, especially Shortstop Garry Templeton, who raced into centerfield to snare a fly ball and start a double play. "He actually owned the ball," said Pittsburgh Manager Chuck Tanner. "That has to be one of the greatest fielding plays I've ever seen."

MONT 41-34 PHIL 40-35 PIT 41-37
NY 38-39 CH 33-42 ST L 34-45

AL WEST Minnesota (5-2) led the division in wins and recorded some other eye-catching numbers as well. Ken Landreaux tied a major league record with three triples in one game. Rick S. fielded batted 520, and Manager Gene Mauch won his 1,500th game. But Mauch, an all-star in each of his 20 seasons as a major league skipper, said, "It would have meant something if I'd won a pennant or two."

Some other notable numbers: Rod Carew's 18-game hitting streak was halted, but California (4-3) recorded its first winning week

of the season. Buddy Bell (12 games) and Mickey Rivers (17) kept hitting streaks alive for Texas (3-4), while Chicago (2-5) went 21 innings without scoring. Rickey Henderson of Oakland (4-3) got his 55th walk, and Rick Langford shut out Chicago 5-0 to roll up his ninth straight complete game. The A's staff has 42. But the most critical statistic belonged to A's Pitcher Brian Kingman, who was to be married during the All-Star break. "I needed a shoutout to be able to say 'I do' with feeling," said Kingman. He got one, beating Chicago 2-0.

There was depressing—and not so depressing—news for Kansas City (3-4). Disappointed when he was left off the All-Star team despite a .321 average, Catcher John Wathan took out his frustration on Minnesota and went 4 for 5 to spark a 4-3 win. The last time Wathan felt so blue—the night before this year's strike was supposed to begin—he got a home run and four RBIs. After the Royals lost 12-3 and 2-1 to the Twins, Manager Jim Feny closed the clubhouse door for 12 minutes and lectured his players. "I started out calm," he said, "but I didn't end that way." Don Quisenberry's two wins and a save lifted Frey's spirits.

Seattle (3-4) players have long suspected that you can't see well in the Kingdom, and last week it was confirmed. In a study requested by the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, a physicist, or Roger Freedman, backed up a statement made by Boston's Jerry Remy that "it's the worst park in the American League for lighting." Freedman pointed out that the level of light is low and the intensity uneven, and that players lose high flies against the background of the ceiling and lights. Kingdom facilities manager Ron Cline responded that the park meets the minimum league lighting standards, and Seattle Manager Orrell Johnson claimed that the home team has no advantage over the visitors, because the conditions are the same for all players. On the second point, Boston Catcher Carlton Fisk disagreed, saying, "In a three-game series in this park, you spend the first game trying to get adjusted. In the second game it gets a little better, but by the time you're used to it in the third game, you're all but gone." The lighting conditions didn't bother the Mariners' Tom Paciorek, who in four home games and three on the road batted .414.

KC 47-32 TEX 37-41 CH 36-41 OAK 36-43
MINN 34-44 SEA 34-45 CAL 28-48

AL EAST New York (16-1) arrived in Boston for a three-game series that the Red Sox (2-4) hoped would catapult them into the race. Instead the Yankees swept them 6-3, 3-2, 6-0 and left even the former Fenway faithful chafing. "So long, Boston, we're sad to see you go," In the ultimate humiliation Goose Gosage preserved Tommy John's 6-3 win by striking

out five men in 2½ innings and fanning Tony Perez on three pitches with the bases loaded to end the game. Later in the week Baltimore hitters got off to rousing starts twice, K.O.ing starters Chuck Roney and Mike Torrez on nine and 16 pitches, respectively. The score-armed Roney suffered further when he was unable to locate team physician Arthur Pappas, who was off on a Maine vacation. As the Red Sox dropped from third to fifth, Manager Ott Zimmer said, "If I thought crying would help, I'd do it."

After leaving Boston, the Yankees were greeted at the Indians' cavernous Cleveland Stadium by 73,096 fans—the largest major league crowd since 1973. They got more than their money's worth—a two-hit, 7-0 shutout performance by Wayne Garland and a glorious fireworks display. Otherwise the Indians (2-5) fizzled.

Led by Richie Hebner's .360 hitting, the Tigers (4-3) climbed briefly into second. After Dan Peary and Aurelio Lopez landed them there, combining for a four-hit, 4-3 win over Toronto, the Detroit Free Press ran a comparison of their May 28 last-place standing and their July 5 second-place record. The paper neglected to note that in the interim the Tigers had gained just 1½ games on the Yankees. And no sooner was the newspaper

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

MARK CLEAR: The Angel right-hander had one win and three saves to figure in all four California victories. In his last seven appearances, covering 13½ innings, Clear has surrendered only four hits and one earned run.

dry than the lowly Blue Jays (2-5) dropped Osear to third, 5-3. In that game Tiger runners Rick Peters and Alan Trammell arrived on third base at the same time.

Steve Stone of Baltimore (4-2) became the league's first 12-game winner, beating Boston 10-1 and throwing seven shutout innings at Toronto in a game the Orioles eventually won 9-7. Stone (12-3) has won 10 straight. Milwaukee's Reggie Cleveland got his third straight win since leaving the bullpen, 5-2 over California, but the Brewers (4-3) couldn't keep pace with New York because Manager George Bamberger mishandled his pitching. When Bamberger removed starter Larry Seimien after nine strong innings against Oakland, reliever Bob McClure lost 5-3 in the 10th, "I threw better in the ninth than I had all night," Seimien complained. "I tried to talk George out of taking me out, but I couldn't." The next night Bamberger left Mike Caldwell in, and Caldwell surrendered six straight hits in the fifth inning to transform a 5-0 lead into a 6-5 deficit.

NY 51-26 MIL 43-33 DET 41-33 BAL 42-35
BOS 40-36 CLEV 36-39 TOR 33-42

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The New Chrysler Corporation
is in business to stay.**

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we need.
We've got the cars
America needs.**

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These cars are winners. On the preceding pages you can read for yourself how people who were in the market for imports rated our front-wheel-drive cars to some leading imports and VW Rabbit. When people compared them, they preferred our cars. And our cars have a higher resale value*. Year-old Omni and Horizon 4-door hatchbacks, and year-old 024s and TC3s have the best resale value of any cars in their class. That tells you something about our quality. Omni and Horizon owners can tell you a lot more. Our parts and servicing are outstanding, too. We've got our act together. We're in business to stay. Now watch us go.

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The New Chrysler Corporation

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Dodge Omni



Dodge DeTomaso



Dodge Omni Custom



Dodge Colt



Dodge 024



Dodge Colt Custom



Dodge 024 Sport Appearance



Chrysler Corporation to challenge the imports.



Plymouth Horizon



Plymouth Turismo TC3



Plymouth Horizon Custom



Plymouth Champ



Plymouth TC3



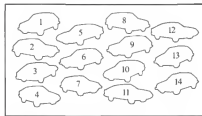
Plymouth Champ Custom



Plymouth TC3 Sport Appearance

See next page for front-wheel-drive buyer's guide details.

The New Chrysler Corporation Front-Wheel-Drive Buyer's Guide.



1. Dodge Omni. \$5526.

23 EPA est. mpg./33 est. hwy.**

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Standard features | • Iso-Strut front suspension |
| • 1.7 liter OHC engine | • Independent rear suspension |
| • 4 speed manual transmission | • AM radio |
| • Electronic ignition | • Electric clock |
| • Vinyl bucket seats | • Rear window defroster |
| • Radial tires | • Tinted glass |
| • Front disc brakes | • Rear hatchback |
| • Rack and pinion steering | • Fold down rear seat |

2. Dodge Omni Custom. \$5716.

23 EPA est. mpg./33 est. hwy.**

- | | |
|---------------------------------|------------------------------|
| Omni standard features plus | • Woodgrain instrument panel |
| • Custom Trim Package including | • Wheel lip molding |
| • Vinyl bucket seat | |

3. Dodge 024. \$5681.

23 EPA est. mpg./33 est. hwy.**

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| • 1.7 liter OHC engine | • Independent rear suspension |
| • 3 speed manual transmission | • AM/FM radio/electric clock |
| • Electronic ignition | • Rear window defroster |
| • Radial tires, front disc brakes | • 3rd door hatchback |
| • Rack and pinion steering | • Fold down rear seat |
| • Iso-Strut front suspension | |

4. Dodge 024 Sport Appearance. \$6112.

23 EPA est. mpg./33 est. hwy.**

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|----------------------|
| 024 standard features plus | • Rear air spoiler |
| • Rallye instrument cluster with | • Rallye road wheels |
| tachometer, clock and trip odometer | • P175/75 WSW steel |
| • Black dual remote control mirrors | belted radial tires |

5. Dodge DeTomaso. \$7271.

23 EPA est. mpg./33 est. hwy.**

- | | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------------------|
| 024 standard features plus | • Four cast aluminum road wheels |
| • Front and rear air spoilers | • Wheel fillets/sport suspension |
| • Quarter window louvers | • Performance 3.5:1 final drive ratio |
| • Rallye Instrument Cluster | • Leather wrapped sport steering wheel |
| • P185/70R13 BSW tires | • Blackout lower body and trim treatment |
| • Brushed metal roof band | • Black dual remote control mirrors |

6. Dodge Colt. \$4526.

37 EPA est. mpg./47 est. hwy.**

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| • 1.4 liter MCA Jet engine | • Tinted glass |
| • 4 speed manual transmission* | • Fuel lid lock |
| • Rack and pinion steering | • Flip-open quarter windows |
| • Power front disc brakes | • Rear window defroster |
| • Steel road wheels | • Folding rear seat |
| • Reclining bucket seats | |

7. Dodge Colt Custom. \$4896.

33 EPA est. mpg./43 est. hwy.**

- | | |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------|
| Colt standard features plus | • Cloth and vinyl upholstery |
| • 1.6 liter MCA Jet engine | • Remote luggage release |
| • Floor console | • 155NR 13 WSW steel belts |
| • Two speed transmission | radial tires |
| • Sport steering wheel | • Rear security shell |

8. Plymouth Horizon. \$5526.

23 EPA est. mpg./33 est. hwy.**

- | | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| • 1.7 liter OHC engine | • Self adjusting front disc brakes |
| • 3 speed manual transmission | • Fold down rear seat |
| • Vinyl bucket seats | • 3rd door hatchback |
| • Iso-Strut front suspension | • 86 in window defroster |
| • Independent rear suspension | • Radial tires |
| • Rack and pinion steering | • AM radio |
| • Electronic ignition | • Tinted glass |

9. Plymouth Horizon Custom. \$5716.

23 EPA est. mpg./33 est. hwy.**

- | | |
|---------------------------------|----------------------|
| Horizon standard features plus | • Vinyl bucket seats |
| • Custom Trim package including | • Wheel lip molding |
| • Woodgrain instrument panel | |

10. Plymouth TC3. \$5681.

23 EPA est. mpg./33 est. hwy.**

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| • 1.7 liter OHC engine | • AM-FM radio |
| • Iso-Strut front suspension | • Tinted glass |
| • Independent rear suspension | • Rear window defroster |
| • Rack and pinion steering | • Radial tires, front disc brakes |
| • Fold down rear seat | • Electronic ignition |
| • 3rd door hatchback | |

11. Plymouth TC3 Sport Appearance. \$6112.

23 EPA est. mpg./33 est. hwy.**

- | | |
|----------------------------|----------------------------------|
| TC3 standard features plus | • Rallye road wheels |
| • Rear air spoiler | • Rallye instrument cluster with |
| • P175/75 WSW steel belted | tachometer, clock and trip |
| radial tires | odometer |

12. Plymouth Turismo TC3. \$6905.

23 EPA est. mpg./33 est. hwy.**

- | | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------------------|
| TC3 standard features plus | • Rallye Instrument Cluster |
| • Power steering | • Power front disc brakes |
| • Dual remote control mirrors | • Four cast aluminum road wheels |
| • Premium interior package | • P185/70R13 radial tires |
| • Halogen headlamps | • Rear deck spoiler |
| • AM-FM stereo radio | • Black finish front, rear and side trim |

13. Plymouth Champ. \$4526.

37 EPA est. mpg./47 est. hwy.**

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------------|
| • 1.4 liter MCA Jet engine | • Reclining bucket seats |
| • Four speed manual transmission* | • Tinted glass |
| • Rack and pinion steering | • Steel road wheels |
| • Power disc brakes | • Rear window defroster |

14. Plymouth Champ Custom. \$4896.

33 EPA est. mpg./43 est. hwy.**

- | | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Champ standard features plus | • Avanti grips |
| • 1.6 liter MCA Jet engine | • Cloth and vinyl upholstery trim |
| • Two speed transmission | • Remote luggage release |
| • Floor console | • Steel belted radials |
| • Sport steering wheel | |

**Use EPA est. mpg./numbers for comparison. Your mileage may vary depending on speed, weather and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be lower than highway estimates. City and Champ estimates valid for 4 speed manual transmission (not available in California). California estimates differ.

*Sucker pipe excluding tax and destination charges. **No charter option.

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They had a blast at Daytona

The Firecracker 400 sizzled from start to finish as veteran Bobby Allison (above) had to work a pick to hold hot newcomer Dale Earnhardt at bay for a narrow victory

Sure is a shame that you can't just take an automobile race as good as this one and pour it into a Mason jar and hide it away in the corncrib for a few years. That'd be the thing to do. And then, some summer evening in the future, when you need a spot of cheer, you could blow the dust off and open up a fine old 1980 Firecracker 400 and just sit back and savor it. Goood stuff.

It was hotter than billy-blue-blazes at the Daytona International Speedway on Independence Day. There were 40 cars in the field, each one weighing about 3,700 pounds and putting out 550 or so horses. Sitting there on the pole in his Oldsmobile was South Carolina's own Cale Yarborough. He had thrashed out a 194.670-mph qualifying speed to get there—a record. What's more, there was a mere 6.322-mph spread between the pole car and the 20th fastest, which con-

verts to a time span of just 1.552 seconds on that 2.5-mile track. Everybody was really honking right along, make no mistake about it. Indeed, it's been like this all season; 17 races down and 14 to go on the Grand National circuit and they've been running door handle to door handle all the way.

Ye gods, at Daytona Richard Petty was sitting way back there in the 11th row—Richard Petty, the seven-time NASCAR champion, who used to flat own this sport—and some folks were wondering if, at 43, he was getting a tad long in the tooth. Uh uh, not Petty. There were a couple of other venerable gents to keep an eye on: Bobby Allison, 42, and David Pearson, back running at Daytona at 45. If there's anything these veterans hate, it's looking at the rear bumper of a smart-aleck youngster. Someone like Dale Earnhardt, 29, of Kannapolis, N.C.,

NASCAR's rookie of the year last season, who, in the words of Buddy Baker, "has got more damn nerve than a sore tooth."

The kid is a charger, no doubt about it. Like last year, he was doing the unheard-of, a rookie in the thick of the championship points battle at midseason, when he crashed hard at Pocono and broke both collarbones. They figured his season was over right there. They figured wrong. Five races later he was brushing door handles again, celebrating his return by winning the pole at Richmond. This season he is lending in points and money.

As the Firecracker 400 field took its parade lap, the temperature was 92°, with the humidity 90%, under hazed-over skies, the sort of heavy Florida day on which nobody should be allowed out of doors. In spite of that, some 60,000 fans were simmering in the grandstands because they suspected this just might be one of those rare races a body wouldn't dare to miss. A sunburn would be worth it to a racing fan and, shoot, if we don't get to have a fireworks show in the evening, we can all just sit around and watch each other glow.

While the fans were settling in, their own heat adding to the temperatures at the big speedway, the drivers were getting their final instructions from the officials; at these breakneck speeds, they were warned, it might be a good idea to look into that rearview mirror once in a while, you guys. And if you just happen to see a giant stock car whooping down upon you, don't, repeat do not, make any sudden moves. Then the chaplain called down a blessing on the whole affair after noting, in prayer, "There's some things wrong with our country, Lord, but there's a whole lot right with it." And away they went.

When 40 Grand National stock cars fire up, they create a marvelous rolling swell of sound that vibrates inside the rib cage—and when the same race cars come pouring off the No. 4 turn and head down the main straightaway, they paint a fast smear of sharp color across a field of vision. Which is what this collection

continued

of bright cars did, 10 racers jammed nose to tail in the lead group, which was doing close to 200 mph.

Important things began happening right away. Yarborough jumped into the lead, running strongly. Petty eased over to the inside a bit and kicked it hard—and in a blue-and-red blur of motion he swept from 22nd to 14th position. Then—what have we here?—Yarborough came swinging into the pits. He hung a hard left and drove right to his garage. Short race. Five laps. He shouldered out of the top of his driving uniform and let it bang down, presenting a reddened bare chest. "Broken crankshaft, I think," he said. He shrugged. "I might just as well laugh, 'cause there's sure not much else I can do."

Back on the track, the gang had hit a 189.076-mph average after the first 10 laps, and already the race had had six leaders. This was jam-up racing, as they say in the pits. By 20 laps the average speed had climbed to 189.474 mph for a race record—and there was young Earnhardt hammering along in second behind Darrell Waltrip. Petty was now tucked into the No. 9 position.

And the heat was murder. The muginess in the stands was an absolute delight compared to the 120° and more in-

side the race cars—and the drivers were literally shrinking as the race slogged on. Good thing it wasn't a 500-miler. Nobody would have been big enough to see over the dashboard by the end. Most drivers would finish this race at least 10 pounds lighter than when they started, and on every pit stop they drank deeply from huge paper cups of water. What they couldn't drink in the 15 or so seconds it takes to gas up and change tires, they splashed into their laps.

Earnhardt's crew did better than that: they wrapped ice cubes in both towels, and each time their man pitted they draped a fresh cold one around his neck, changing towels and tires simultaneously. "I still had enough ice cubes left at the end of the race to make me a drink," Earnhardt said.

Earnhardt is one of the best things to happen to stock-car racing in years and, as with Petty, Baker and Benny Parsons and all the good old gang, you're going to flat love him when you get to know him. Earnhardt is nicely tussled, with a clear, untroubled brow and a great grip on life. He is having a terrific sophomore year and is obviously on his way to a national championship, yet he is still new enough to big-time racing that he slips out of the garage to go watch the parades, for heaven's sake. "Most of the drivers just relax around the garage area," he says. "I mean, some of them are so relaxed they could just about fall right over, but me—I'm still excited by all this. I love the pageantry of it all."

The guy also clearly loves the driving, and he crackles with confidence merely talking about it. Earnhardt will first apologize for what he fears is a limited vocabulary: "I haven't got but a 10th-grade education," he says—and then, in the next breath, he will wax positively lyrical about the effects of wheeling a race car around a cement-bordered racetrack at speeds rarely seen on the airspeed indicators of single-engine planes. "If someone comes up alongside me—when I'm at top speed—it suddenly changes the very airflow around me," he says. "It's a dramatic change; I can actually hear this mysterious force very clearly. Perhaps it's the wind. And I can feel them getting on or off the gas. And yet, somehow, I don't quite know how to explain it, somehow all this is natural to me. I was born to do this."

The race kept knocking off one speed

record after another: at 120 laps the average was 173.438 mph, counting the slowdowns under the caution flag and all—and the winning average would be a fraction faster than that, with the field covering the 400 miles in 2:18.21—which isn't too bad a pace picking your way through holiday traffic.

Indeed, this was pure racing, the way it's supposed to be: anybody could win out there, folks, and all that was needed now to cap a dandy Fourth was a gangbusters finish.

This is the scene: Bobby Allison's Mercury is in the lead at the start of the last lap. Earnhardt's Olds is filling up Allison's rearview mirror, and Pearson is lurking alongside Earnhardt in another Olds. They flash down the backstraight at 200 mph. The crowd rises as one, glistering with sweat. They all know what's about to happen. It's obvious: entering Turn 4 and headed for the front straight, Earnhardt is going to ease out and slingshot around Allison, seizing the lead and victory at the very last second. And so he does. That is, he pulls out in the classic slingshot move. Hoo-boy.

There is just a small gap before the leaders will overtake slower traffic. And Earnhardt and Allison are now side by side, rolling at top speed for the checkered flag. Pearson tucks in tight behind Allison. All Allison needs to do now is not flinch—and he holds her steady as can be. And, ta dah! He scrapes Earnhardt off on the slower cars—as perfect a pick as has ever been applied in basketball.

Winner Allison, \$24,805 richer, pulls off his crash helmet and goes right to the oxygen, puffing from the heat. The heel of his right driving shoe has melted away entirely, turned to liquid rubber, and his foot is burned and blistered. "Earnhardt had to make that move when he did," Allison says. "But there was just too much other traffic for him to get past me."

"I got shut out, all right," says Earnhardt, whose official finish was third behind Pearson, though he still leads the season in points. "He outsnookered me. I just got to get me some more experience on this stuff." Fair enough. It was such good stuff that had made it a great race, with 41 lead changes among eight drivers. Petty had sneaked into fifth and was feeling young again; by now he was second in the points standings.

And Lordy, was it ever hot. In years to come, in memory of the occasion, we'll pour it over some ice.



Earnhardt's slingshot proved to be not so hot

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comfort**

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On the field in Tulsa, where the temperature soared to more than 120° last Wednesday night, there was Seattle Goalkeeper Jack Brand, his big fist poised to split the lip of Tulsa General Manager Noel Lemon. At the same time, Sounder Coach Alan Hinton was stalking off, refusing to shake hands with anybody. And Referee Gordon Arrow-smith—a Toronto policeman—was getting writer's cramp recording 70 fouls, two ejections and five yellow cards in his game report.

The Sounders, the winningest team in the league, with an 18-2 record attributable to Brand's superb goalkeeping and a finely tuned English-style offense, had just beaten the Roughnecks, who lead their division at 10-7 and are the NASL's most feared team when playing at home, in one of the season's bitterest games.

The Roughnecks have committed more fouls than any club in the league—411 of them after Wednesday's clash—an average of 21.6 per game. When the Cosmos are scheduled to play in Tulsa, Giorgio Chinaglia feels a case of the flu coming on and pronounces himself a doubtful starter. Other strikers suddenly discover that they have aggravated old injuries. Defenders tell the trainer to pack extra Absorbine Jr. "We're tough, but with all our fouls we don't break legs or put guys out of action," claims Roughneck Goalkeeper Gene DuChateau. "We're just aggressive."

Adding to the visitor's problem is the field at Skelly Stadium, at 60 yards wide one of the two narrowest in the league—75 yards is barely adequate. Trying to play the game as it should be played on such a layout is like trying to stage *The Nutcracker* in a phone booth. Then there's the Tulsa crowd, a howling, rebel-yelling hard-hat contingent that, on the average, numbers 21,000 fans. And the heat.

Lemon, a former used-car salesman who resembles a beefy leprechaun, has carefully cultivated Tulsa's unsavory image. "We've only been in the league 2½ years and already half the teams hate us," he says. "Give me another two years and we'll have them all."

The antipathy is especially strong between the Sounders and the Roughnecks. Hinton was fired by Tulsa at the end of last season after leading the Roughnecks to a 14-16 record and a second-round playoff berth. Matters started to come to a head midway through the 1979 season, when Lemon traded Goalie Colin Boulton to Los Angeles over Hinton's strong objections. Hinton let it be known that he felt his contract, which supposedly gave him approval over player transactions, had been violated.

Hinton made things worse by going to bat for a number of players who hadn't received promised signing fees and other bonuses.

Finally, Hinton carried his protests over the heads of Lemon and General Managing Partner Tom Keeter to Ward Lay, the Texas potato-chip king and the Roughnecks' founder. When the season was over, Hinton was dismissed for insubordination. It wasn't a very popular move in Tulsa.

Even less popular was Lemon's decision over the winter to trade Brand and English Forward Roger Davies to Seattle, which in the meantime had hired Hinton as its coach. Brand has become

Hot time in a hot spot

In 120° heat, Tulsa tried to get Seattle burned up, but it got Branded instead.

the NASL's leading keeper with a 0.68 goals-against average and Davies the top goal-scorer, with 20 so far this year.

Before last week's game, the local press happily helped reopen the old wounds, by quoting Brand as saying, "I love Tulsa. There's only one thing wrong with the whole city. Noel Lemon."

Lemon: "I don't know who has more hot air in Washington, Mount St. Helens or Jack Brand."

Davies: "Our 18-2 record with Hinton shows what a great judge of character Noel Lemon is."

Hinton, who had maintained a nine-month silence on his troubles *continued*



In a melee following an early corner kick, Brand survives a goalmouth assault by the Roughnecks.



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SOCCER continued

with Tulsa: "Noel Lemon is full of garbage and lies."

As gametime neared, Keith Walker, the NASL's head of officials, appeared at the stadium. Why? "Exactly why you think," he said grimly. Then Davies arrived and asked a local reporter where Lemon would be sitting. If he scored a goal, Davies said, he wanted to give Lemon a particular hand signal.

In the scoreless first half, Tulsa defender Kevin Eagan stayed so close to Davies they seemed to need only one pair of shoes. So frustrated was Davies that he amassed a Sounder-record 10 fouls and Eagan got seven.

The second half produced a profusion of yellow cards, players writhing in the heat and no score on the board. At the end of the scoreless 15-minute tie-breaker, both teams were exhausted by the heat. They had consumed almost 15 gallons of Gatorade. The players were all but sweated dry, and white salt lines rimmed their uniforms.

That left it to the shootout—players going one-on-one against the opposing goalie. After six rounds, the game was still deadlocked. In Round Seven, Davies got his chance and he beat Gene DuChateau cleanly.

If Brand could stop Tulsa Midfielder Alex Skotarek, Seattle would win. The ball came low and hard, toward the left post, glistening with sweat and the Vaseline players use to protect their legs on artificial turf, riding the superheated air like a torpedo. Brand dove to one side, bounced on the turf and came up with the ball.

Players, coaches, fans, policemen flooded onto the field. Brand headed toward the Tulsa bench, bearing down on Lemon. Then, a) Lemon, being a classy guy, said nothing and walked off (Lemon's version) or b) said a very discouraging word (Brand's version). Brand, his fists clenched, was pulled away by players from both teams. Considering the heat and the hot tempers, it was small wonder that Hinton would shake his head in the locker room and mutter repeatedly, "I'm so glad it's over."

An hour after the game, Brand was on the telephone in the lobby of his hotel, still wearing his game shorts and one sock. He suddenly remembered that he had broken a league record by getting his 13th shutout of the season. And he smiled as though he'd just swallowed a Lemon and found it sweet.

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Listen, runners! Listen to this tale of damnation and ruin told by one of your brothers in addiction! Listen to his story and repent!

"I suffered intense pain in my foot whenever I started my daily run, but at five miles or so into it, I would develop a sense of invincibility. I was truly indestructible in that transcendent state and the pain would leave me. . . ."

Invincible? Indestructible? Not likely. This man is a mere mortal, a poor runner. Listen and weep!

"Even though I could work through the pain during my runs, afterward the pain returned—more and more excruciating each day. Soon, I had to walk downstairs backwards in the morning. I knew something was wrong, but I just could not give up my running. It felt too good, it meant too much, I had to have it. . . ."

Hear the pitiful words of this miserable runner, snared in the trap of his habit. He is hooked. He is hopeless. He is beyond help!

"Finally one morning I awoke and I was unable even to go downstairs backwards. I visited an orthopedic surgeon who asked me, 'Where did you put your Achilles tendon?' It was necessary for me to undergo surgery to reconstruct the damaged foot. The surgery was quite successful, but I can no longer run. And I will always walk with a limp. . . ."

BY WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON

In pursuit of an elusive feeling of well-being—even invincibility—some unsuspecting runners may actually have turned into addicts, and the monkey on their backs is wearing jogging shoes.

Marching to



Yes, he broke his habit, he escaped his addiction. But at what a terrible price! O, repent, ye panting runners, repent before you, too, become addicts, doomed to a life of limping and lamentation!

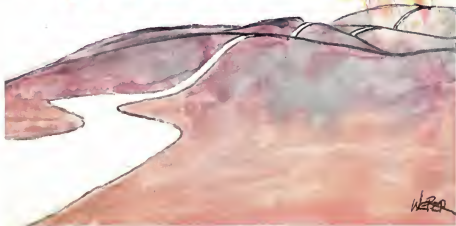
So far, there are among us no running-and-brimstone evangelists like the preacher suggested above. But the horrifying tale told by the runner is absolutely true. It happened to a real man, a former college professor in the Midwest who wishes to remain anonymous. It is no exaggeration and it is pretty frightening—particularly because it is an example, though an extreme one, of a phenomenon that has surfaced recently among physical-fitness devotees. Some experts choose a gentle, bland term to describe it; they call it "exercise dependence." But among those who like their socio-psychological diagnoses unfuzzed by subtlety, the preferred words are chilling: *exercise addiction*.

Experts agree that any kind of strenuous physical exertion—swimming, calisthenics, cycling, running—can produce a powerful dependency that approaches addiction. According to New York's Dr. James Nicholas, for many years one of the country's leading sports physicians, "When you are through exercising, you feel a sense of accomplishment, emotional pleasure. Also, your pulse rate is better, your oxygen transport system is more efficient. Thus, you are stimulated both physically and psychologically, and eventually

continued



Euphoria



you can develop a compulsory need to repeat this pleasing experience again and again. I prefer the term 'dependency' to 'addiction,' but, yes, there is an addictive tendency to strenuous exercise because of the good feeling it generates."

There is a growing body of academic and medical literature that addresses the subject of exercise addiction. Yet nearly all of the work in the field has so far been directed not to exercise in general but to runners and running. This is undoubtedly because of the amazing number of Americans who have been seized (or at least touched) by the running habit—30 million is the latest guess. It is difficult to think of another 20th century sports phenomenon that has cut so widely and deeply into American life. Of course, this makes running an irresistible subject for serious sociological, psychological and psychiatric research. Beyond that, the fact is that a great many scholars and doctors choose running as the subject of their research because they happen to be mildly hooked runners themselves.

In the week before last October's New York Marathon, seminars on running addiction were held at Mt. Sinai Hospital in Manhattan, and the auditorium was filled with sociologists, psychologists, psychiatrists and other academics, most of whom were also entered in the big race. At one point, a man in the audience asked in mock seriousness exactly where a researcher might go to find a bunch of "Skid Row running addicts" for the purpose of scholarly research, and someone in the back of the room cracked, "Look no further, we're all right here."

Now, if you ask an ordinary runner about the matter of addiction, you will generally get a reply that includes skepticism, denision or a blank look. Take, for example, Tommy Leonard, the ruddy-faced bartender at Boston's Eliot Lounge, which lies near the finish line of the Boston Marathon and is probably the nation's No. 1 bar for runners. Asked if he personally knew any running addicts, Leonard raised his eyebrows quizzically and said, "Addicts? I don't really know that any come in here. Maybe you can't tell them from regular runners. The ones I don't like are 'Gucci runners.' You know, the guys who buy \$200 running

suits and shoes and then think they're runners. I try not to serve them." Then there's Frank Shorter, a runner of eminently non-Gucci credentials, who was recently asked to discuss the subject of his addicted brethren. After a pause of perhaps two heartbeats, Shorter replied with nicely modulated scorn, "I was just wondering what upwardly mobile osteopath came up with that."

Well, there certainly is a crowd of upwardly mobile opportunists in all professions, eager to peddle any concept, product or philosophy that might lead to cashing in on the running boom. And perhaps the term "addiction" is a bit too pejorative for the problem it defines. But the term is in constant use among a growing corps of responsible researchers, and thus, it will remain in constant use in this article, too.

A good definition of the condition is contained in a paper entitled *Running Addiction: A New Syndrome*, by Dr. Michael Sacks, an associate professor of psychiatry at Cornell University Medical College and a seven-marathon man himself. "The running addict is characterized by a compulsive need to run at least once and sometimes twice a day . . ." writes Sacks. "If, for some reason, he is prevented from running he becomes irritable, restless, sleepless and preoccupied with guilty thoughts that his body will decondition or degenerate in some way. He is logically able to recognize the irrationality of these feelings and thoughts, but they are inescapable and can only be relieved by running." Sacks points out that the addict often lets his running preempt responsibilities toward work and family, frequently falls into daydreams about running and seeks from every run a euphoric sensation known widely as "the runner's high." Furthermore, says Sacks, "The addicted runner will continue running despite injuries and the risk of severely harming himself in search for this high. . . ."

The first to mention addiction and run-



The addicted runner will continue despite injuries and the risk of permanent harm

ning in the same breath was a physician named William Glasser, who published a book called *Positive Addiction* in 1976. His thesis was that besides the "bad" addictions to alcohol, gambling, drugs, etc., there are also "good" addictions to things like running, swimming and meditation. Such addictions, wrote Glasser, actually "increase your mental strength," while a bad addiction tends to "sap the strength from every part of your life except in the area of the addiction" itself. Glasser believed that "negative addicts have long since given up on finding love and worth" while the positive addict "enjoys his addiction [even though] it does not dominate his life."

This smacks a trifle of the simplistic, all-purpose self help of a Norman Vincent Peale. Indeed, Glasser's writing on running as a positive addiction has been put to use by the reigning high priests of running, for example, Jim Fixx, to help support their claims that the activity is a cure-all. In *The Complete Book of Running*, Fixx reported eagerly that Glasser had called running not only the "surest route to positive addiction" but also that it was "an almost infallible way to shake yourself loose from habits that make life

more difficult than you want it to be," and "a powerful enemy of bad habits." The fact that running might be an equally powerful friend of bad habits has been largely ignored by the popular running proselytizers. Paul Joseph, a Tufts University sociologist, and James M. Robbins, a University of Wisconsin psychiatrist, pointed out in a recent paper that in the best-selling literature on the subject "the social and psychological hazards of running are either nonexistent or, with few exceptions, absent." In Fitts's entire 314-page book they found only one reference to negative "interpersonal and vocational consequences of running"—and that was in a footnote.

One of the first academicians to come up with a popularly disseminated piece of serious antarunning material was William P. Morgan, a sports psychologist at the University of Wisconsin and a four-mile-a-day runner. Morgan's article, "The Mind of the Marathoner," appeared in the April 1978 issue of *Psychology Today*. In it, he ventured a relatively dark thesis about running. "Like most wonder drugs," he wrote, "there is the potential for abuse." He described the high that occurs during a run and is then followed by "a state of total relaxation and quiescence that may last for hours," but he also pointed out that it was rare for anyone running less than 10 miles a day to consistently experience this "altered state of consciousness." Furthermore, Morgan warned, "As with most drugs, the running-induced high can only be maintained by increasing dosage—which means more miles, higher intensity or two- and three-a-day runs. And this is precisely what occurs in the hard-core addict."

Morgan painted a fairly hellish picture of such a driven creature: "I define the exercise addict as a person who cannot exist without exercise, whatever the cost. Initially the addict may withdraw from friends, spouse, children and other loved ones. Then his performance at work begins to suffer. One might argue that drinking on company time is a negative addiction, whereas running on company time represents a positive addiction. In either case, it is the company that is shortchanged."

Besides ignoring family and job, ac-

cording to Morgan, the advanced addict would eventually disregard his body, too, driving himself to run despite pain and the threat of permanent disability. He warned that any physician treating an addicted runner for an injury should be ready to prescribe "a methadone-like substitute," such as bicycling, or the patient is likely to continue running until he ends up on the operating table—just like the poor soul who was quoted at the beginning of this article and who originally told his tale to Morgan.

The damage runners can do to themselves is frightening to contemplate. Stanton Peele, a social psychologist on the faculty of Columbia University Teachers College and a therapist in Teaneck, N.J., published a book called *Love and Addiction* in 1975 and has just completed a broader work on all types of addiction, entitled *How Much Is Too Much*. A 10-mile-a-week runner himself, Peele says, "Most of the runners I know have run with injuries at one time or another. I also know many people who have seriously damaged themselves from running. Overall, I'd say that running can be more dangerous to physical well-being than heroin. Assuming that the heroin user has sterilized needles and pure drugs and is on a good diet, I'd say that heroin would do a lot less physical damage to a drug addict than running does to a running addict."

Whatever the difference in physical toll, it is true that the runner is hooked on his exercise for much the same reason a junkie craves his dope: both get a sense of well-being that cannot be duplicated by any other experience. Surprisingly, the majority of running addicts find that their good feelings spring from psychological rather than physical satisfactions. When two Florida State University researchers, Michael Sachs and David Pargman, interviewed 540 runners, they discovered that when hard-core participants were asked why they ran so much, those runners generally tended to give reasons "in the psychological category." Most

of them found that running helped cut down on anxiety, depression and guilt. One runner said simply, "It keeps me sane." Another said, "When I don't run, I have an instant increase in anxiety levels... I'm jumpy and I can't concentrate." And another ran simply to keep himself from feeling guilty—about not running: "It's just easier for me to do the damned run than to cope with the unhappiness and guilt that well up in me if I don't." And still another reached a kind of gossamer trance when he ran. "My mind feels as if it is floating and I feel almost a lack of consciousness," he said.

The sense of achieving relief from emotional upset or personal problems through running probably derives as much from sheer distraction—shifting of attention from worries to watching the road ahead—as from anything else. Yet there is also the relative tranquility, the empty-mindedness of running, that lends a quality of meditation to the exercise. As Morgan says, "It is not at all coincidental that the running boom grew along with some very substantial meditative movements in the late 1960s. They are by no means mutually exclusive. Running can give you that 'quiet place,' the sense of occupying 'my own space' that is supposed to happen when you practice transcendental meditation. When a runner is through running, his



As with drugs, the running high can be maintained only by increased doses—of miles

anxiety levels tend to drop for from two to five hours. It is like a nonchemical high, and it probably involves meditative techniques for many people."

Whatever the form of pleasure or relief, the question runners undoubtedly want answered is: What makes running addictive? There is no simple answer, just as there is no simple answer to what makes anything addictive. Peele says flatly, "The definition of addiction is currently in a very confused state. This is because the drug that is prototypically considered addictive—heroin—actually produces a whole range of different reactions." Peele explains that some people who take heroin regularly experience nothing that is remotely close to addiction. Specifically, he is referring to the thousands of Vietnam veterans who developed strong drug habits while in Southeast Asia—but when they returned home, "over 90% gave up the drug with only mild or sometimes non-existent reactions."

The classic way of defining the intensity of an addiction is by measuring the withdrawal symptoms one suffers when deprived of the addictive experience. Sachs and Pargman found in their survey that addicted runners' withdrawal signs included "tension, guilt, anxiety, nervousness, irritability, feelings of bloat-

edness and muscle twitching." But withdrawal from running can be far more frightening than that. Morgan received a number of letters from troubled runners after his articles on negative addiction appeared. One came from a medical school student in Maryland who told of suffering a knee injury that finally forced him to stop running. He then underwent withdrawal symptoms so nightmarish that he seriously considered committing suicide. A young woman, a veteran of three marathons, wrote Morgan that she was so hooked on running that if she did only one run a day or ran anything less than five miles, she would punish herself with eating binges so destructive that they invariably made her sick.

Such withdrawal symptoms must reflect a powerful addiction—right? Not necessarily. Cornell's Sachs says, "There is a distinction to be made between addiction and compulsion. A compulsion is a meaningless act, which, if you fail to do it, makes you feel anxiety. This would include things like repeated hand washing or checking the gas on the stove several times before you leave home. People build these things into their lives and they don't consider them irrational. Such compulsions become a problem only when you are prevented from doing them. That may lead to what seem to be

withdrawal symptoms. But instead of being an addiction in themselves, these compulsions are really only a sign of some deeper anxiety or neurosis that will surface when the compulsion can no longer be carried out."

Still, there are ways to define addiction that seem to fit running perfectly. In his forthcoming book, Peele lists five criteria that he says must be present in "an addictive experience." They are: 1) the experience causes one to obliterate consciousness of stress, anxiety or depression; 2) it reduces one's ability to perform other activities or to find true gratification from other areas of life; 3) the experience artificially buoys one's self-esteem; 4) the experience is not intrinsically pleasurable, but is merely a vehicle of escape from troubles; 5) the experience is predictable.

"There is nothing to limit this list to drugs," Peele says. "Television, for example, can easily fulfill these criteria for addiction."

And running? Yes, indeed. "For some, running is the best possible analgesic," says Peele. "It insures them to daily concerns and problems. It is used to obliterate consciousness." As for criterion No. 2, he says, "Running can interfere with other activities and with relations with other people—especially non-runners. Eventually, an addict will rely on it so much that it becomes the only activity in which he can find any emotional gratification."

Criterion No. 3 is "more problematic," when related to runners as opposed to narcotics addicts or alcoholics. Nevertheless, Peele finds that runners who insist on running despite pain, injury or personal crisis also have such a low opinion of themselves that they believe a single day without running can cause an instant return to obesity, poor physical condition or such habits as smoking and drinking. Such a person's self-esteem ultimately falls so low that it "can only be propped up by daily running excursions."

Criterion No. 4, failure to find pleasure in the experience, is based on the theory that, for an addict, running is necessary to block out all other sensations—whether of pain or joy.

As for the element of predictability, criterion No. 5, Peele says, "This is the keynote of addiction. Addicted runners

continued



Full-Time Runners tend to daydream of running while at work... and have conflicts at home.

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Flip/Thru continued

are searching for an identical experience on each run, something that they will sacrifice anything to have. When this totally predictable experience is withdrawn, even for a short time, their lives are horribly disrupted. They have lost their life-organizing principle, so to speak, the one thing capable of producing a feeling of well-being."

The potential for becoming a running junkie is absolutely universal—anyone can get hooked and it can happen with astonishing swiftness. "The possibility of attaining a seemingly immense accomplishment—such as running a marathon or long distances after only a brief preparatory period—may be one of the factors that contributes to running's addictive potential," says Sacks. "Unlike other sports, such as golf or tennis, the runner can improve very quickly without spending long periods of time acquiring new motor coordination. He simply runs—which involves only the process of remembering what he did as a child."

Marvin Gewirtz, a New York psychologist and a four-marathon man, agrees with the easy-come satisfactions available in running. Gewirtz says, "Running can give you a feeling of control over your life, although, in fact, some important parts of it may not be under control at all. But it is so easy to do, so quick to return satisfaction, that running can seem to be a solution to everything. And that is when people go too far in their dependence on it."

Quick and easy though it may be for a weekend jogger to turn into a full-fledged road junkie, the fact is that the tendency to depend on running to deal with stress seems to be directly related to distance: the more miles a runner covers each day, the more likely he is to be using running as a crutch to avoid other problems. In a carefully controlled survey taken of 345 Boston-area runners, Joseph and Robbins developed a set of "quadrants" for runner types. The least committed in the group were labeled Occasional Runners, and they averaged 12.3 miles per week, almost never entered races and made up by far the largest segment—47.2%—of the sample. The Hobby or Pure Runners averaged 29.3 miles per week and made up about 18.3%. The Part-Time Runners (47.8 miles per week) made up 26.7%. The

most committed—and also most troubled—were the Full-Time Runners, who ran at least 75 miles per week. Joseph and Robbins described this last type thusly: "In comparison with the other groups, they ran a comparatively larger portion of their time. They race often, most of their friends are runners, and they are immersed in the running subculture to the extent that running literature occupies their attention at least weekly."

To measure a runner's degree of addiction, Joseph and Robbins created something they called "the hooked factor" and calculated it for all 345 of their subjects. It involved a computerized correlation of 11 questions dealing with symptoms suffered when a subject missed his running workouts. Symptoms included depression, frustration, insomnia and constipation. The results demonstrated that the intensity of the withdrawal symptoms was directly related to the amount of time a subject spent running each week and the distance he ran. "The more hooked they were, the more committed they were to long, frequent runs," says Joseph. "There also seemed to be a definite kind of barrier at 70 miles a week where the intensity of the addiction and the problems caused by running made an almost quantum jump."

For example, among Full-Time Runners, no less than 24% had changed their jobs because of running, while only 3% of the others had done so. Full-Time Runners tended to daydream of running while at work, more of them had had conflicts at home over running, more tended to identify themselves as runners instead of through their work and more found their "total needs" were met by running. Perhaps the most telling symptom came in the Full-Time Runners' answer to the question: "Have running conflicts with a former spouse or partner ever been serious enough to cause a major reappraisal of your relationships?" A full 42% said "yes" while only 7% of the Part-Timers and barely 1% of the Occasional Runners admitted to such conflicts. So the farther they ran, the more likely their lives were to suffer.

Joseph and Robbins and all other researchers in this area are adamant on one point: none of their findings or their theories relate to active, competitive athletes. They apply only to recreational

continued



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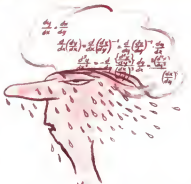
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runners. "Runners like Bill Rodgers and Frank Shorter may run 130 miles a week or more," says Joseph, "but they are not what anyone would call addicted. They are professionals in their way and none of our discussions about addiction relate to them—in any way at all."

Indeed, Shorter is genuinely offended by the idea of this compulsive, all-consuming running. "You are dealing with a running bum mentality when you find people who don't see that there is something besides running in life," he says. "If you spend your life being that single-minded, you lose the ability to be creative, you lose all flexibility, all options. I'm not monomaniacal about running all the time. Sure, I am while I'm doing it, but once it's over, I'm not a runner anymore. There's a certain compulsion in me to run or I wouldn't do it. But people who do running and nothing else are weirdos."

Not surprisingly, the approach to running of world-class performers of Shorter's caliber is totally different from that of the rest of us, and it is their approach that keeps most of them relatively immune to the danger of addiction. Part of Morgan's research for his *Psychology Today* article on marathoners' minds was based on a study of 20 world-class runners at the Institute for Aerobics Research in Dallas. One major difference between elite and non-elite runners, Morgan found, involved the type and amount of mind-bending that each group went through in attempting to manage the agonies of a marathon. Morgan discovered that non-elite runners tended to apply "a kind of self-hypnosis called dissociation" to obliterate the anticipated pain during a race. One such runner did complicated math calculations in his head. Another relived his entire educational career from the first grade through Ph.D., recalling favorite teachers and classes. Another fell into a trance by repeating a mantra over and over. Another imagined she was stepping on the faces of people she disliked over the entire 26 miles. And another, at the 15-mile mark, began an in-



One marathoner said he did complicated math problems in his head to obliterate pain

tricate inch-by-inch design and construction of a house—"Once the blueprints are completed, I dig a footing with a pick and shovel, pour the concrete, lay the blocks... nail each shingle... wire it, plumb it, plaster the walls, furnish it, landscape the yard..." Thus the amateurs tried to mask the realities of marathon agony.

The elite did just the opposite. They fought to maintain a constant and precise connection with reality, however much it hurt. "The best marathoners attempt to associate with the pain and discomfort," Morgan wrote. "They constantly monitor bodily signals of respiration, temperature, heaviness in the calves and thighs, abdominal sensations and the like. Instead of diverting the mind with mantras or mathematics, they keep reminding themselves to 'stay loose' or 'relax and not tie up.'" And what of the terrors of "the wall"? It seems that competitors of world-class caliber simply don't recognize its existence. "There is no wall for me," a top runner told Morgan. "I think a lot of guys are so concerned about the wall that they psych themselves out."

It is this tendency to "psych themselves out," to reach for some transcendent perception while running, that seems to hook unwary runners and turn them into addicts. Peele says, "The need to obliterate consciousness—which is ex-

actly what Morgan is talking about with the term 'dissociation' among non-elite runners—is an eventual symptom for any form of addiction."

Ah, but therein lies the joy of running for many, doesn't it?—the idea that running allows one to become another being, to lift the mind out of its daily slough, to rise out of a troubled and banal life and enjoy another kind of existence. This is the high that the addicted runner is ultimately hooked by, though it may well be lovely, harmless, ephemeral, too. One of the more common states of gentle transcendence for runners is the sense of returning to a childlike state. George Sheehan writes in *Berg & Running*: "Like

most distance runners, I am still a child. And never more so than when I run. Like most children, I think I control my life. I believe myself to be independent. Like most children, I live in the best of all possible worlds, a world made for running and racing where nothing but good can happen."

There are, of course, the other, more destructive highs connected with running, not the least of which are intense feelings of superiority over all other humans and delusions of omnipotence. Usually these feelings are directed toward other people, particularly the moral slugs and physical laggards who never run. But occasionally the sensation of superiority encompasses inanimate objects. Morgan wrote in *The Runner* about a weird example of "illusory omnipotence" related by a runner he knows. "One day last spring I was having an exceptionally good run. I was running about 10 miles a day at the time and on this particular day I had decided to extend my workout. I was around the 14-mile point, and I was preparing to cross a one-lane bridge when, all of a sudden, a large cement mixer turned the corner and began to cross the bridge. I never thought for a second about stopping and letting the truck pass. I simply continued and said to myself, 'Come on, you son of a bitch, I'll split you right down the middle, there'll be concrete all over the road!'" The driver

continued

slammed on the brakes and swerved to the side as I sailed by. That was really scary afterward, but at the time it felt really good."

Somewhat along this same line is the insufferable quality of relentless religiosity that infects many runners. "There has gotten to be a cultic dimension to running, complete with infernal gurus like Sheehan," says Morgan. "I think the exercise evangelists and the running messiahs have gotten to a point where they could run a good thing. They treat running as if it were a panacea. They believe their sex drive is enhanced, their sleep is dreamless, their blood pressure is good—as long as they run. They are like religious fanatics."

The concept of running-as-religion has been advanced considerably farther—though perhaps more than a little facetiously—by Victor Altshul, assistant clinical professor of psychiatry at Yale Medical School, who, in a report to the American Medical Joggers Association, compared the miracle of Easter to the Boston Marathon: "The Christian has his Holy Week. He lives with Jesus through the triumphal entry into Jerusalem, through a crescendo of dramatic events climaxed by a three-hour crucifixion beginning at noon and ending at three in the afternoon, through the agony, death and burial and followed by the resurrection and mystical appearance before the disciples. Similarly, the dedicated Boston marathoner at precisely the same time of year—April, symbolizing the rebirth of nature—begins his preparations a week in advance of the race with his triumphal depletion run. This is followed by an ordered sequence of ritualistic dietary practices culminating in a solemn Last Supper of spaghetti and beer the night before his moment of truth. The following day, precisely at noon, he begins his own passion, which, if he is at all typical, ends in his 'death' around 3 p.m. Sometimes he is said to 'die' on the hills—Calvary—sometimes as he staggers across the finish line, thence to be buried in the bow-

els of the Prudential Building where he is placed twitching on a cot and swaddled in white linens. Later he emerges reborn, rejuvenated and joyous, to utter cryptic and incomprehensible things to his friends, believers and heathens alike."

This would seem to be the ultimate runner's high—beginning a race as a mere mortal and ending it a resurrected messiah. Of course, such dreams are the stuff of hallucinogenic drugs. There is a



"I never thought for a second about stopping and letting the truck pass. I simply continued..."

theory, in fact, that certain runner's highs could be the result of intrabody chemistry. Substances in the brain called endorphins are, in some ways, similar to morphine. They are part of the brain's neurotransmitter system, and apparently cause, among other things, a deadening of pain. There is also a theory that acupuncture techniques may increase the release of endorphins, helping to regulate pain and, in some cases, introducing a sense of euphoria. One other theory, unproved and practically untested at this point, holds that extreme exercise releases endorphins, causing a chemical high. Dr. Thaddeus Kostrubala, a San

Diego psychiatrist who has treated patients through running with them, says that he has occasionally noted that people on antidepressant drugs act as if they have had an overdose when they are running. It is as if the combination of the drug and the naturally produced endorphins add up to a double dose of the drug. But for now most doctors and academics studying running addiction discount the possibility of a mysterious body chemistry providing an addictive catalyst for runners.

It is an odd and ironical turn that something as intrinsically good for most of us should become so bad for some. But it is true; there is an obsession to it, a derangement that can make running a burden, a pain and a danger. And instead of being a thing of light and inspiration, the runner is driven by fear and self-loathing. "Just as the alcoholic fears that just one drink will obliterate restraint and open the floodgates of ceaseless drinking," says Altshul, "so the joylessly compulsive runner fears that one day without a run will feel so good that he will never feel like getting out of his bed—much less his car—again."

There is a bit of this joyless addict in every runner. But there is also a bit of something else, for another kind of runner's high always goes with the franchise. "What runner has not arisen before a winter's dawn," Altshul has written, "preparing perhaps for a 20-mile, and while trying to shake the numbing lethargy out of his brain and bones, felt distaste, apprehension and dread sit like a cold lumpy porridge in his gut? . . . [Yet] he drags himself sluggishly through his miserable run, summons what seem to him boundless quantities of courage to stand up to pain and adversity and feeling every inch the romantic hero that he has always wished he was. And in this relentlessly unheroic contemporary age, what fantasy could be more therapeutic than this?"

Ah, yes, what indeed.
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ON THE SCENE

by STEVE RAYMOND

A DAY OF FISHING BECAME A NIGHT OF FEAR WHEN DARKNESS FELL AT NOON

A lake now embraces the old plunge pool at the foot of the Dry Falls, where the Columbia River once fell 400 feet over a front 3½ miles wide. Those ancient falls surely were among the greatest the world has ever known, but today the Columbia flows far to the west, and, except for the lake, the Dry Falls are as dry as their name implies. They lie in the arid reaches of central Washington, north of the town of Ephrata, surrounded by sagebrush and loose soil that blows in the hot, swirling winds.

The lake is nearly eclipsed by the towering walls and turrets of the Dry Falls, but it is an intriguing stretch of water. From the 40-foot-deep plunge pool it sprawls southward into shallow, weedy bays and channels amid a labyrinth of rocks that still show signs of battering from the river. And those shallow bays are inhabited by fat, strong rainbow and brown trout that feed on the lake's abundant smalls and prolific insect hatches.

It was the trout, as well as the spectacular view afforded by the ancient falls, that had brought us, and other anglers, to Dry Falls Lake on May 18. It was a flawless morning. I had launched my little aluminum pram and was rigging up a pair of fly rods while Joan, my wife, brewed a morning pot of coffee. Our two children, Stephanie, 10, and Randy, seven, were busy exploring the margins of the lake, watching in fascination as fat, stubby dragonfly nymphs crawled out of the water to hatch.

I was sipping the first cup of coffee when the sounds came. At first there was just a gentle ripple in the air, so soft and indistinct that I was uncertain I had heard it. But then it came again, louder, a deep, ominous rumble like distant thunder. Then more sounds came, sharp and distinct, a series of heavy detonations as if distant gunners were lobbing shells ever closer to us. Finally came the loudest

crack of all, a mighty swell of sound that washed against the coulee walls like a wave breaking on a rocky shore, echoing and reechoing around the great horseshoe-shaped amphitheater of the Dry Falls.

Frightened, the kids came running to ask what was happening. Fathers are supposed to know everything, but there was no apparent answer for these violent cascades of sound. They weren't sonic booms. Nor did it seem likely they could have carried from the Army's Yakima Firing Range; it was too far away. But then I had a joking thought. "Maybe Mount St. Helens [130 miles to the southwest] blew her top," I told the kids. They laughed and ran away, returning to their play.

The sounds ceased as abruptly as they began and we soon forgot them. The day was still bright and growing warm, and I

a struggle to keep them from diving into the thick weed. The hatch came up, the trout rose well and the morning passed quickly, as mornings always do when the fishing is good.

When I glanced at my watch it was a quarter to 12. Simultaneously, I noticed for the first time a long, dark cloud creeping over the coulee rim. A thunderstorm, I thought, heading our way. It looked as if it would be a bad one. But it was yet some distance off, so I continued fishing until a little after noon. By then the cloud had edged closer, dark and threatening, and it seemed as if the storm must soon begin. I decided to head for shore and eat lunch. Perhaps the storm would pass quickly and there would be more fishing in the afternoon. Most of the other anglers seemed to have the same idea. There was a sudden migration of small boats heading for shore.

I pulled the pram up onto the rocky shore and sat under the canopy of our pickup truck, munching sandwiches with Joan and the kids and watching the other fishermen. Many were packing up to leave ahead of the approaching storm.

The dark cloud now filled the whole western half of the sky, blotting out the sun; it had grown noticeably cooler. Yet, strangely, there was no stirring of the wind. The lake remained calm and the trout still dived in the shallows. But surely the storm couldn't hold off much longer.

I walked a little way up the road from the lakeshore to higher ground, where I could look south down the long coulee. It was very dark for as far as I could see. This would be no ordinary storm. It looked like the granddaddy of all storms, and it might be a long time passing. There would be no fishing this afternoon. It was time to leave.

Returning to the truck, I sold the family to pack up. I put away the rods and hoisted the pram onto the boat rack atop the canopy, working quickly, expecting the storm to strike violently at any moment. Although it was growing ever darker, there was still no wind, nor yet a hint of rain.

It was completely dark by the time I was finished. Not just storm-dark or twilight-dark; it was as dark as the deepest, blackest night. The cloud had filled the sky, stretching from one rim of the

continued



finished the coffee and shoved off in the pram. Out in the shallows the trout were dimpling, and I began casting to them with a floating line and a favorite nymph pattern.

The fishing was good. Several strong rainbows took the nymph and flashed away in long runs over the shallow, weedy banks. After the initial run it was

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colice to the other, and it had swallowed up all the daylight in the sky. The familiar landmarks of the Dry Falls had disappeared, and now we were surrounded by vague shapes and masses that we felt rather than saw. The noisy yellow-headed and red-wing blackbirds that live in the tales around the lakeshore had suddenly grown still.

It was one o'clock in the afternoon, but it was night.

I started the truck, switched on the headlights and shifted into low gear for the first hill on the tortuous, rocky road out of the Dry Falls. By this time only one other fisherman remained at the lake access, and he also was working hurriedly to load up his boat and leave. He looked anxiously at the sky as we drove slowly past and said, "I've never seen anything like this."

Neither had we.

By the time we had gone a quarter of a mile the darkness had become so thick and impenetrable that even the high beams of the truck's headlights could scarcely drill a thin tunnel of light ahead of us. Then I noticed a thick, heavy mist floating in the headlight beams and beginning to collect on the windshield. The storm was at last beginning. "Here comes the rain," I said.

"That isn't rain," Joan said quietly.

It wasn't. Whatever it was, it was dry.

The bright morning, full of promise, had dissolved into total, inexplicable darkness. And now something was falling from the sky, and it wasn't rain. We could see nothing, except for the pair of rats that appeared dimly in the headlights, and hear nothing, except for the truck's engine straining to overcome the grade. It was as if we had made a wrong turn to another planet, or had suddenly crossed the threshold of a forbidden dimension.

There had to be some rational explanation, and I could think of only one: that Mount St. Helens had exploded, and with more cataclysmic force than anyone could ever possibly have imagined.

"Turn on the radio," Joan said. "There must be something about this on the radio." I hadn't turned it on earlier because reception is difficult down in the rocky pocket of the Dry Falls. I did so now.

There was lightning in the air. It crashed and crackled across the radio

band as I dialed, searching for a station. There were snatches of faint, far-off music, blurred by static. And then the frightened voice of a disc jockey at a station in nearby Moses Lake: "Mount St. Helens has erupted, and ash is falling everywhere in the Columbia Basin. All roads in the area are closed. If you're in a car, pull over and stop."

The voice was near panic; the disc jockey obviously was having as much trouble coping with the situation as we were. And yet his voice was somehow comforting, a link to the familiar world that had disappeared so suddenly an hour before. And it confirmed the explanation for the explosions we had heard and for our present plight.

But I wasn't about to take the disc jockey's advice. Pulling over and stopping was the last thing I wanted to do. Ash from the exploded volcano was falling thickly, I could smell and taste the stuff, and it made my throat dry. It might be toxic. If we stopped, it seemed possible we might not be able to go on breathing. I decided to try to get away as quickly as I could, back to someplace where the air was clear and it was light.

It was a strange ride out of the Dry Falls, with the windshield wipers working to keep the ash from piling up and the headlights lighting a dim path through the darkness that had come up out of the earth. But finally the rocky runs gave way to a narrow band of asphalt that led southwest toward the nearest highway, and eventually we found ourselves in a line of other cars fleeing the cloud. Each car stirred up an enormous rooster tail of blinding dust that forced those behind to slow or stop until it settled.

In such haling fashion we made it to the highway and turned north, crawling through the dusty darkness until the headlights dimly picked out the sign for the junction with U.S. 2, the route westward to the Cascade Mountains and Stevens Pass. If we went that way, I hoped, perhaps we could get away from the cloud. Maybe we could even make it over the mountains to our home in Seattle.

For 10 or 20 minutes we drove slowly westward in darkness. Then, far ahead, a dull gleam of light appeared low on the horizon, as if it were shining under the hem of a curtain. It grew larger and

brighter as we continued toward it. The announcer at a station in Wenatchee assured us repeatedly that U.S. 2 was closed, but we kept going. Soon it was bright enough to see beyond the cone of light from the truck headlights. Everything was gray, ash swirled on the highway like new-fallen powder snow and filled the furrows of the plowed fields. I thought about the ash being sucked into the truck's air intake and worried that it would choke the carburetor and kill the engine, but the truck plowed steadily ahead into the storm of ash.

It was sometime after three when we reached Wenatchee. The sun was a sullen glow in a dusty sky, and thick ash and dust were blowing in the streets, but still it was a scene that seemed infinitely hospitable compared to the one we had left at Dry Falls. We had come from darkness into light, traversing a dusty moonscape which only that morning had been lush with green grass, freshly plowed dark rows of earth and trees filled with ripening fruit.

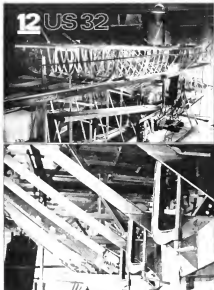
From Wenatchee we drove up into the mountains toward Stevens Pass, soon leaving the last of the ash behind us. The sky again brightened to a faultless blue, and afternoon sunlight glinted from the silvery caps of late spring snow still clinging to the Cascade peaks. We breathed cool, clean air and gave silent thanks.

In another two hours we were home.

We were lucky. Thousands of others weren't so fortunate. They were stranded for days in tiny, ash-choked towns or at roadside rest areas, forced to a halt by blinding, blowing ash or by car engines that had choked to death on the noxious stuff.

And now, I realize, we were lucky in another respect. We had witnessed the awesome power of nature in a way that few people ever have. Those in other parts of the world who read of the explosion of Mount St. Helens in newspapers or watched it on television will never comprehend the full magnitude of the event; even the most powerful descriptive phrase or the most startling photograph cannot convey it properly. In order to understand how big—how incredible—it really was, you had to see it for yourself. You had to be there when the sun died at noon and the dark, dry rain began to fall.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week June 30-July 6

Compiled by ROY S. JOHNSON

GOLF—SCOTT SIMPSON shot a seven-under par 281 in his Andover Pro first stroke play won the \$300,000 Western Open in Oak Brook, Ill.

ANY ALICOTT shot a 13 under par 273 in winning a \$150,000 LPGA tournament in Norfolk, Va. Sally Little and JoAnne Carner were second and third.

HARNESS RACING—TRENTON TIME, driven by Ed Blumstein, beat Jettis Tossing by one length and out-defeated Neurons, who was trying for his 30th consecutive victory, in won the \$500,000 Illinois Stakes at Saratoga. The 3-year-old colt completed the mile course in 1:59.95. Neurons, who trailed by half a length at the top of the stretch, fell over the inside rail after Driver Clint Gaultbach went to the whip. Neuron Gaultbach's last New York win was in 1972.

HORSE RACING—BOLD TROOP, (44-60), ridden by McNeeneken, won the \$110,700 American Handicap at Hollywood Park by a length over Indulgent. The 5-year-old horse covered the 1 1/4-mile distance in 1:46.5.

WINTER'S TALE (57-40), ridden by Jeffrey Bell, won the \$163,200 Suburban Handicap at Belmont Park by a head over Star Dancer. The 4-year-old gelding ran the 1 1/4 miles in 2:05.5.

AMBLER PASS (55-10), Don MacBeth up, won the \$112,400 Dwyer Stakes at Belmont by a length over Temperance Hill. The 3-year-old colt ran the 1 1/4 miles in 1:48.

MOTOR SPORTS—BOBBY ALLISON driving a Mercury averaged 173.47 miles per hour, a record for the event, to win the Firecracker 400 at Daytona Beach, Fla. David Pearson in an Oldsmobile finished second, one car length behind Allison (page 65).

SOCCER—NASL, Thirteen of 24 games, including three of seven shootouts, were decided by one goal. One controversy among the shootouts occurred when Vancouver (15-11) which had 34 years earlier had played off-worlder Alan Ball and Scotland World Cup player at M'Fell Johnson, exploded for five goals in beating Atlanta (5-10). In closer games, New England (11-11) beat Houston 2-1 and San Jose 3-1 for its fifth and sixth straight wins, allowing the San Jose team to second place in the AFC. East ended of Tampa Bay (12-9). But it was only temporary in the Rowdies, 3-2 in offensively setting Tampa Stadium, were upon 3-1 in home by AFC New England California, but beat Chicago 2-1. The Surf

earlier lost to Memphis 3-1 in Brian Forward Paul Child got the decisive goal at 49:05 to break Memphis' four-game losing streak. However, the Rapids' campaign began a new slide by falling 2-1 to ASC Central led by Fort Lauderdale in a game that included six corners for rough play and one Rapids ejection. The Newkirk mentioned their slow head over the Sea Mice despite losing 2-0 to Philadelphia. The Cosmos (15-5) held their grip on the top spot in the NSL, even by beating Toronto 3-1 and Portland 4-1. Giorgio Chinaglia had a hat trick against the Timbers and now has 21 goals after 29 games. But the Wizard (10-9) with a 3-0 victory over Philadelphia displaced Washington (5-11) in second place in the Dips lost twice—3-1 to Portland on one Rob Rensenbrink goals and 2-1 to Los Angeles with Wayne Luo van Veen kicking the winner at 92:30. Detroit (10-11) took advantage of its opponents to move ahead, beating Houston 2-0 and edging past Memphis into second in the AFC Central. The Express, winner of four of its last six games, five trials only Chicago (15-5) which lost 3-2 to San Diego (10-10) in overtime. That broke the Sting's five game winning streak and the Soxers, last game losing streak. San Diego also beat NASL Central leader Tulsa (11-9) in a 2-1 shootout. Dallas, warming up after a slow start this season, defeated San Jose 2-1 and Rochester 1-0 with Forward Nyege. Their scoring goals, scorers. As for Tulsa, the Roadrunners are coming off a tie. They lost 4-0 to Seattle (page 69).

ASL, After losing to California 2-1, National Council under leader Columbia (9-3) narrowly remained in first place ahead of Pennsylvania (8-1) which was one game and lost another. The victory over Columbia gave the Sunbats a split for the week. Master Forward Jean Baptiste had produced the deciding goal on a penalty kick in the American best California 2-1. The Sunbats began the week by beating American Continental leader Sacramento 3-0. Georgia Georgia scoring the game winner at 50:09. Pennsylvania also tied Golden Gate 2-2. Forward Joe Fink, who played for New York United under two weeks ago, scored the only goal in the Cal team, defeated his former team 1-0 with Gaudie Marine. Cal getting his third shutout of the season.

TENNIS—BOBBI BORG won his fifth consecutive men's title at Wimbledon, defeating John McEnroe 6-3, 7-5, 6-3, 6-7, 8-6. **EVONNE GOULDING**, CRAWLEY who lost to the women's title in 1975, beat Chris Evert Lloyd 6-4, 7-6, for her fourth crown. **PELLE MCNAMARA** and **PAUL MCNAMARA** defeated Bob Lutz and Stan Smith 7-6, 6-3, 6-7, 6-4 to win the men's dual

Men's title. **KATHY JORDAN** and **ANNE SMITH** (11-1) defeated 4-6, 7-1, 6-1 over Rosie Casals and Wendy Turnbull in the women's doubles final, and the sibling combination of **JOHN** and **TRACY AUSTIN** beat John McEnroe and Dieter Frenschel 4-6, 7-6, 6-3 to win the mixed doubles championship (page 68).

TRACK & FIELD—CHRISTIAN COE of England ran the 1,000 meters in 2:13.4 in Oslo to tie his half a second the world record set in 1974 by Rick Waltham of the U.S. Later in the same meet, **SILVIE DRETT** also of England, surprised Coe a year later world record for the mile with a 4:48.8 clocking. 2 years that the previous mark (page 24).

EDWIN MOSES set a world record of 47.11 in the 400-meter hurdles in Moscow. In winning in his 40th consecutive final in the event, Moses lowered the mark he set in 1977 by .32.

KONSTANTIN VOIKOV of the U.S.S.R. broke the world indoor pole vault record by clearing 18' 8 1/2" at a meet in Moscow. That surpassed by .25 the mark he set in 1977 by .10.

TATIANA KAZANKINA of the U.S.S.R. broke her own 4-year-old world record in the women's 1 meter freestyle by a half second when she ran a 3:55 in Moscow.

MILEPOSTS—DIED, After losing into a coma following a June 20 boat with a lightning lightning chair, five Loretta Hart, born CLEVELAND DUNSON, 34 of heart damage in Montreal. Twelve days after following injuries incurred while being knocked out in the 1981 world, Dunson was pronounced clinically dead. Placed on a life-support system, the night of the light he never regained consciousness.

CONNIE LENZ, 61, a member of two U.S. Olympic gymnastics teams, of a heart attack, in Boston. A member of the Atlantic Foundation Hall of Fame, Lenz was on the U.S. female medal team at the 48 Games in London 12 years after having made her first Olympic team. She won eight U.S. women's gymnastics titles, including two all-around crowns.

CREDITS

6—Evan's Court 10:00—Walter Scott 11:30—Tony Duffy 12:00—Sports Phrase Service 1:30—Dan Bell 2:00—Mark Perfection 3:00—John Phillips 3:30—Richard Anderson 4:00—Fred Ramirez 4:30—Peter Reed 5:00—Patricia Don Lanza 5:30—44:00—Pete Perfection 6:00—John Phillips 6:30—John Anderson 7:00—John Phillips 7:30—George Lutzman 8:00—James Schindler 11:00—11:01—page 69

FACES IN THE CROWD



JANE ROBERT
17, Tulsa, Ok.

Robert, 32, who teaches French at Parkway West High, has coached the Longhorns' girls' swimming team to a seven-year record of 86-4, including four straight state titles and five undefeated seasons. Out of 765 swimmers, her girls have won 632.



VINCENT BEAN
New York City, N.Y.

Vincent, a recent graduate of Southfield High was named to three all-state teams in basketball, in which he scored 15 TDs, basketball, in which he averaged 29.9 points, and track. He was Midwest long-jump champion with a leap of 24' 1 1/2".



LOU PIEL
New York City, N.Y.

Piel completed her four-year softball pitching career at Northern Caledonia, Okla., with a 56-10 record, a 0.55 ERA, five no-hitters and 23 shutouts. She is also U.S. women's basketball career record holder for points (1,266) and rebounds (775).



JEFF THIBODEAUX
Tomball, Texas

Jeff, a 5' 11" 122-pound sophomore at Edward Douglas White High, left out a total of 940 pounds in just 400, bench 315, deadlift 325 and was named the outstanding lifter at the South Louisiana powerlifting meet in Thibodaux.



CHERYL LINDBERG
Minneapolis, Minn.

Cheryl, an eighth-grader at Santa Barbara Junior High, won four events in the state 12-13 girls' championships. She triumphed in the long jump (17' 6 1/2"), the high jump (5' 2 1/2") and the 80- and 200-meter hurdles (10.2 and 28.0 respectively).



PAUL ODOM
Denton, Tex.

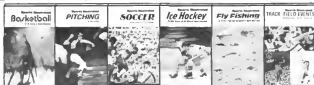
Paul, 10, paced his Pee Wee soccer team, the Merros, to a two-year record of 19-2. A center forward, he had 73 goals and 22 assists. He had six goals in one game last year and four goals in each of three games in '80.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

MONTREAL BRAWL (CONT.)

Sir:

Right on for the extraordinary article on the Leonard-Duran fight (June 30)! Right on for the breathtaking photographs (the spread on pages 14 and 15 actually caused my head to snap back!!)

However, right off to the winner of the fight I hope the Hartford Whalers, Connecticut's entry in the National Hockey League, take heed of Duran's bull, push and shoulder tactics—they need a defenseman who can smash awaiting centers out of the goal-mouth—the way Duran did to Leonard.

JIM SHANNON
Bridgeport, Conn.

Sir:

I caught the Duran-Leonard fight on closed circuit and from what I could see, Sugar Ray could easily have beaten Duran had he fought like the Sugar Ray I saw before the Duran fiasco. I still can't understand why Sugar Ray fought Duran flat-footed for 13 rounds.

It has been written that Duran cut off the ring, put pressure on and didn't give Sugar Ray a chance to use his speed. That's a bunch of bull. From the opening bell in Round 1 Sugar Ray stood flat-footed and invited Duran to be the aggressor. At no time during the fight did Sugar Ray try to jab and move.

Should they fight again, I say Sugar Ray will make Duran look like an amateur. That is, if Sugar Ray uses his speed the way he should.

LOUIS T. EVANS
Baton Rouge

Sir:

Because of your excellent coverage of the Leonard-Duran fight, you are hereby forgiven for not having the New York Islanders on your June 2 cover.

GEORGE REED
Springfield, Ill.

Sir:

As I saw it, the "Brawl in Montreal" could have aptly served as an undereard to a heavy-weight wrestling match. Although the bout was certainly exciting, it was marred by Duran's grubbing and shoving tactics, which were allowed by the referee.

In other fights I have witnessed, such "bullying" has usually resulted in the issuing of warnings by the ring official, and I cannot understand why it was permitted in this fight.

Additionally, Duran's behavior while awaiting the decision was virtually uncivilized, and certainly unbecoming to a champion. If the inevitable rematch is officiated

more closely, the boxer with the most talent and class—Ray Leonard—will surely win. I, for one, am not entirely convinced that he lost this one.

Then again, I've never really been a wrestling fan.

STEPHEN J. LASKARZEWSKI
Naugatuck, Conn.

Sir:

Nowhere do you mention the complete and total disregard for sportsmanship Duran displayed in the ring after the fight. It was a disgusting display of foul language, dirty signs and a generally morose attitude.

It was a great fight, but he is a poor example of a champion.

BARRY RUBIN
Los Angeles

Sir:

Surely, the "Brawl in Montreal" was just to test Roberto's endurance.

MOBIS GARTON
Jackson, Tenn.

Sir:

I was thrilled by your picture of Duran's right fist landing on Sugar Ray's jaw. It reminds me of a picture of Rocky Marciano's right lead that KO'd Jersey Joe Walcott in the 13th round of their 1952 bout.

The intensity and expression of the two men are remarkably similar.

RICK SINDERBRAND
Margate, N.J.



Walcott and Leonard both took it on the chin



STRAMASH

Sir:

Congratulations to Clive Gammon for his article on Jim Watt (A Great Stramash at Glasgow, June 16), which showed not only what a great boxer Watt really is but also the proud spirit the Scots have.

The strong feeling that Watt has for his country and the countless other Scottish fanatics backing him are the main reasons for his victory. This emotional bond between a man and his country actually gave Howard Davis no chance at all of winning. It's events like these that make me even more proud of being a Scotsman.

A. D. CARMICHAEL
Rochester, N.Y.

EARL THE PEARL

Sir:

Your article on Earl Weaver (Mr. and Mrs. Earl Weaver, June 30) was excellent, until the last part of it. You made it sound as though the Orioles' 1979 World Series loss was completely Weaver's fault. Earl had to start Mike Flanagan in Game 5 because the only other pitchers he could have started, Steve Stone and Sammy Stewart, had pitched the day before, when Weaver's crafty use of his bench pulled out a victory. And for his failure to win the "big one," where were you after the 1970 World Series?

TOM HUGGELS
Tomburn, Md.

Sir:

I thought Frank Deford's article on Earl Weaver did a fine job of portraying a businessman and a man who knows his business. Having followed the Orioles throughout the '70s, I realize that the Earl of Baseball is one of only three Orioles to have been with the club for those 10 years of division titles, pennants and World Series. Either he has been the luckiest manager in history or he knows his business. I would opt for the latter. How else could a man be arrogant, cocky and hostile and get away with it? As Deford said, "Earl is baseball. Can he do it all?"

ERIC M. CURNOW
Modesto, Calif.

Sir:

As a former member of American University's golf team, I am puzzled by the shirt Earl Weaver is wearing in the picture on page 51. American U. never had such shirts for its golfers, and the school's mascot is an eagle, not a patriot. Where did it come from?

ANDY STONE
Arlington, Va.

• Weaver doesn't know; he says the shirt was given to him in Japan last fall.—ED.

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

SAVE THE FROGS

Sir

Steve Wolf's Scorecard column in the June 10 issue has prompted me to write on behalf of the remaining frogs of America. Wolf states that "burning keeps the frog population in check." He writes as though this is a necessity, when other publications in recent months have had headlines such as "WHY HAVE ALL THE FROGS GONE?" Robert C. Cowen, of *The Christian Science Monitor* quotes Richard Wasservug of the University of Chicago as warning that there is a growing frog shortage caused by thoughtless human action, and that the pressures on frogs are manifold. In view of this state of affairs, Wolf's light-hearted commentary seems irresponsible.

SHIRLEY LLOYD
Minnetonka, Minn.

JACK'S BACK

Sir

When Jack Nicklaus was named SE's Sportsman of the Year for 1978, Frank DeFord noted that zero-digit years have been special for Nicklaus: he was born in 1940, learned to play golf in 1950, married and finished second to Palmer in the 1960 U.S. Open, and ended a long slump in 1970 with a victory in the British Open.

DeFord states in his article (Dec. 25, 1978) that "certainly there must be some special surprise in store for us in 1980." That "surprise" came in the thrilling 1980 U.S. Open.

J. BRYAN KELLEY
Taylors, S.C.

CHAWS

Sir

Your article about Jim (Catfish) Hunter (Look Homeward, Yankee, June 23) was great. I especially enjoyed the picture of Jim and his daughter chewing Red Man.

J. A. BRANSON
Peshawar, Wash.

Sir

You folks usually do such good work, but, I swear, to see a 6-year-old with a wad in her jaw blatantly advertising her father's brand is a bit much. Tobacco's fine and Carolina is finer, but a 6-year-old chewin' and commercializin'! Stick to swimwear and sports.

ROD PARRISH
Pensacola, Fla.

MAIL SEBASTIAN

Sir

It is always a delight to read Kenny Moore's articles, but the one in your June 23 issue about the great English runner Sebastian Coe (*A Hard and Supple Man*) was exceptional! The descriptions of the marvelous Coe family were the highlight for me.

STEVE VOLSTAD
Aurora, Colo.

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